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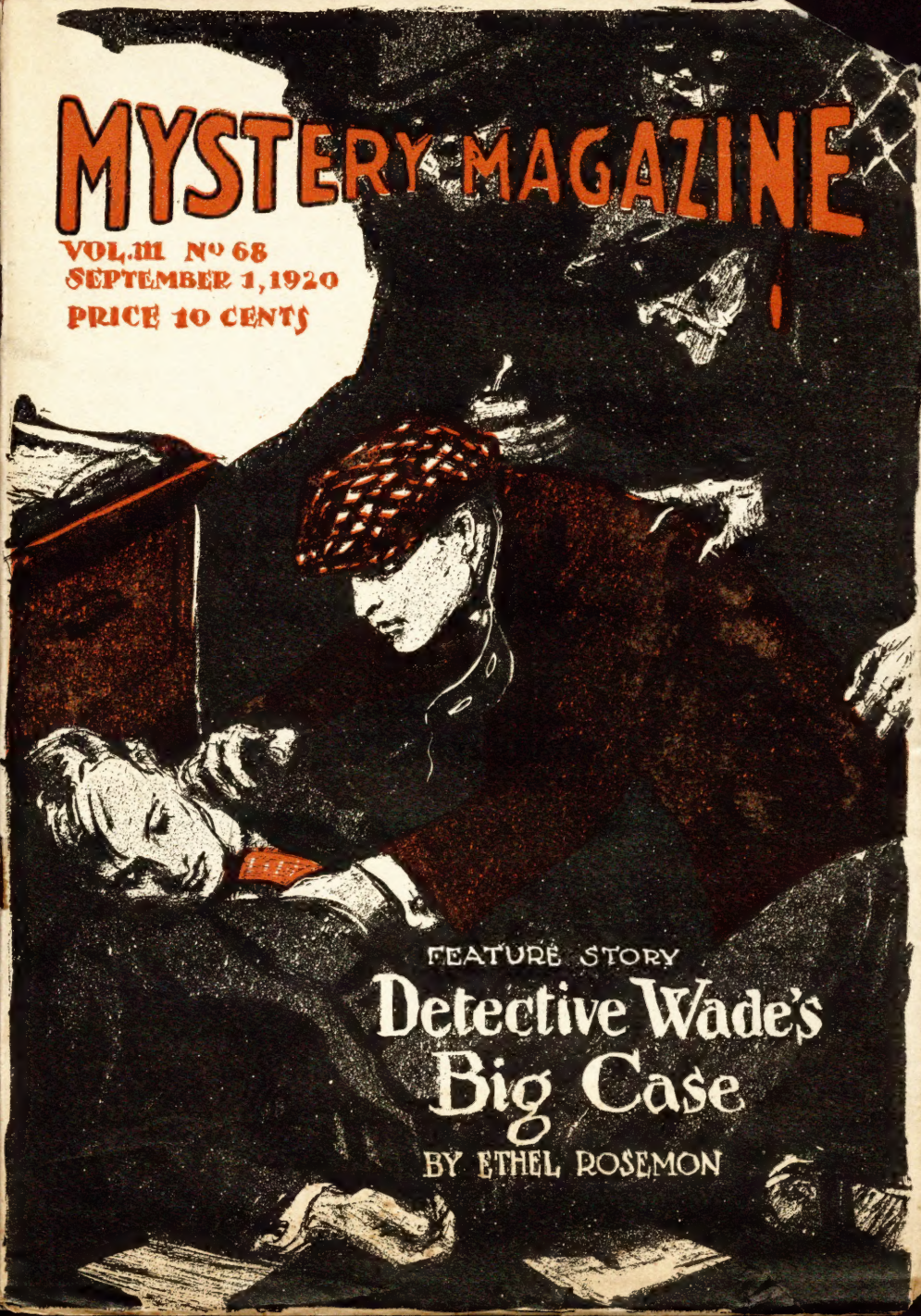

FEATURE STORY

Detective Wade's Big Case

BY ETHEL ROSEMON

The Next Issue Will Contain "The Spirit Bell," by Charles Fulton Oursler.

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

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DETECTIVE WADE'S BIG CASE

By ETHEL ROSEMON

CHAPTER ONE

"IS this corner sacred to the holy estate of bachelorhood or may an old benedict entertain some hope of finding a refuge?"

Jack Wentworth and I looked up eagerly at the newcomer. Since dinner we had been occupying our favorite nook in the club, smoking our favorite brand of cigars and boring each other with our favorite stories and reminiscences. It was one of those evenings when the world in general and our own society in particular seemed drab and uninteresting. I had suggested the latest musical comedy as an antidote. Jack had replied that no musical comedy could possibly be late enough to be new and had offered as a countersuggestion a popular vaudeville house. I had reneged. When entertainment is prescribed I prefer to be in charge of a physician who administers a man-size two-and-a-half-hour dose rather than of one who insists upon changing his prescription every fifteen minutes or so. As a result we just sat and smoked and wondered how a man could possibly talk so much and say so little. Detective Wade's interruption, then, we both regarded as a special delivery parcel post package direct from the Main Station of the gods. The bored expression faded from our faces simultaneously and we began to take a new hold upon life.

"Welcome," we chorused. "Take a chair and have a cigar."

"You know, I'd be half tempted to envy you bachelors some if it weren't for the fact that I envy myself more," our guest said, as he relaxed into the comfortable chair. "There was a time when I thought nothing on earth could beat this

club house, and nothing can, boys, except a home. But it's a wonderful place a night like this," he hastened to add apologetically, as if he feared he had sinned against our hospitality.

"It is a bit blustery outside," I ventured to remark.

"But you don't realize that when you have a home, a real home," he said seriously. "It's the blustery atmosphere in the home that drove me to ask a refuge at your cheerful fireside this evening. Turn a bevy of excited women, old and young, loose in a house, aid and abet them by a couple of strong-armed decorators, and the mere man of the family welcomes the peace and quiet of the battle-field. Tomorrow afternoon and evening, and I dare say far into the night, my oldest daughter, Mildred, is to be turned into what society terms a bud, in other words, she is to be marked and labeled, ready for the matrimonial mart. If the process were half as painful to the feminine members of the household as it is to the masculine it would have been abandoned ages ago, but they actually seem to enjoy the hustle and bustle, the preparation for the stream of visitors who will assist in the budding process. Now this——"

The detective closed his eyes and leaned further back into the welcoming fold of the chair. Jack and I eyed each other expectantly. It was in just such a mood that Wade had given us some of his best stories. We fondly hoped that one was beginning to germinate.

"Nickey and the bond robbery are keeping the first-page reporters on the jump these days," he said at last. "You know I am particularly interested in such cases for it was a bank robbery that made me a detective instead of, say, a teller or perhaps the president of one of those hospitals of currency. The Wade family has been in some way connected with the banking business for generations. It was the failure of my father's bank in my home town out West, the sweeping away of his fortune, followed by his sudden death, that cut short my career at college and set me adrift in New York. I had no profession, no money, and no particular leaning toward any branch of industry. I had, of course, planned to enter my father's bank upon receiving my degree from college. I seemed at that time to be a one-idea man and that idea led me to seek out an acquaintance of my father's who was president of a bank on lower Broadway. My father had at one time done a favor for this man, William Dilman, and he was anxious to find a place for me, but at that time there was neither a vacancy nor a prospect of one. Just at I was leaving some one phoned the president in regard to a contribution for the family of the bank's watchman who had that morning been reported as a victim of pneumonia.

"'Has any one been engaged to take that man's place?' I asked at the conclusion of the telephone conversation.

"'Not yet, but——'

"'Would you mind giving me a chance at it?' I interrupted eagerly.

"'But it is no position for a young man of your education,' he objected.

"'Not permanently, perhaps,' I answered, 'but it will do very well to tide me over until you have a vacancy in one of your departments.'

"'Well, you might try it for a while,' he said, still doubtfully, as he handed me a note to a Mr. Jenkins, who was then searching for some one to replace the deceased watchman.

"A half hour later I became a bank employee.

CHAPTER TWO

"MY son Jack tells me that a watchman's job is his idea of nothing to do and when lessons become difficult he threatens to follow in Dad's early footsteps and make that his career. I always warn him that having nothing to do and doing it conscientiously is the most difficult task a man could select. The monotony of those long nights in that deserted building made me wish for something to happen, anything to which I could react either physically or mentally. Every week I was upon the verge of resigning but the knowledge that showing the white feather as a watchman would not recommend me any too highly for the future opening Mr. Dilman had in view made me stick to my post. Then one night my wish was fulfilled in a wholly unlooked-for and undesired way.

"It was my custom to have a cup of coffee sent over from the lunch room across the street about eleven o'clock every evening. This, with the sandwiches my landlady did up for me, served to satisfy the craving of the inner man until the substantial breakfast which I ate in the morning as soon as I was relieved from duty. Monday night of my ninth week as a watchman I felt a peculiar drowsiness come over me around twelve o'clock. I had often become sleepy but this was a feeling I could not shake off. I decided to go into the washroom and bathe my face in cold water, a remedy which had never failed to open my eyes. I started for the door. With every step that prickly sensation that comes when one puts one's weight down upon a foot that has 'gone to sleep' increased. I became impatient at my inability to wake those refractory feet. Then suddenly the prickly sensation ceased and in its place came a numbness which gradully spread over my entire body. I fell in a heap against a desk, absolutely powerless to move.

"As I lay there, wondering vaguely how long it took a man in my condition to die, the great door of the bank swung open and four figures entered. They made their way down the hall silently, cautiously, toward the outer room in which I lay. I knew, of course, that they had come to rob the bank. Whether or not they would find it necessary to dispose of me beforehand

was a matter of a few seconds' conjecture. The first man passed by without even seeing me, but the second stumbled across my body. With a muttered 'Damn' he knelt down and quickly felt my pulse and forehead.

"'Lucky for this fellow old Thero's drug worked as he predicted,' he whispered to his companions. 'Otherwise we would have been forced to send him along a surer route.'

"As he got up his mask slipped down and through my half-closed lids I caught sight of his face. His features were almost indistinguishable in the dim light, but even in my half-conscious state I was impressed by his ghastly pallor, the extreme length and thinness of his nose.

"That was the last I knew until I regained consciousness the next morning with two doctors working over me and a group of bank officials looking anxiously on. The robbers had done a good job and had left no trace behind them. The nature of the drug, which had without a doubt been slipped into my coffee by a couple of men whom the lunch room waiter recalled had been sitting up at the counter drinking while my cup was waiting for the boy to carry it across the street, baffled medical authorities.

"I was frequently in the company of the detectives who were working on the case and little by little an interest in their profession awoke within me. Their jobs were like playing a game such as 'Button, Button, who's got the Button,' or piecing together one of those fascinating picture puzzles. Their work was ever changing, which, after the monotony of a watchman's life, seemed to be the only rational idea of Paradise. My wide acquaintance in the profession made it a comparatively easy matter to slip into the first opening that occurred and there I have been ever since, twenty-five years last May.

CHAPTER THREE

"OF course, no service assigns its new recruits to the big, the exciting, the front-page cases, but to each little job that came my way there was an added interest, for I was always in search of a pale face with an extraordinary length and thinness. I could not help feeling that those robbers had put one over on me personally and that it was my personal job to get even with them.

"Two years after I entered the profession my chief assigned me to keep a general watchout at one of these budding affairs William Pitt was giving for his daughter, Genevieve, at their country home, just outside of New York. Society functions were, as a rule, on my black list, but this one held a peculiar interest. The summer before I had rescued Miss Pitt from drowning when she was canoeing up at Lake Placid and an acquaintanceship had sprung up between us which I felt sure might have developed into something bigger if she had not been the daughter of one of New York's wealthiest brokers, I a comparatively poor detective. I looked forward with anticipation to being her guest, if only a professional one. She greeted me cordially, as did her father, and I found her even lovelier than I had remembered her at the Adirondack camp. I managed to take up my stations at various points from which I could watch her at the reception and the dance that followed.

"Late in the evening I was standing in the conservatory as Miss Pitt passed through between dances accompanied by a tall, rather distinguished looking young man.

"'They say their engagement will be announced after she has been out for a short time,' a guest near me remarked to her companion.

"'I am not surprised,' the other answered. 'I have seen them together a great deal. They say he is a member of that old Southern family of Lees.'

"With that my two informants passed out of hearing. Naturally I took a new interest in the young man and quite naturally, too, I discovered something about his appearance which did not wholly meet with my approval. His eyes shifted, roamed, even when his attention was supposed to be wholly focused upon Miss Pitt. I was fair enough, however, to trace part of this impression to the door of a certain little monster who was at that moment whispering unpleasant things in my ear. This Leslie Lee to whom rumor had affianced the debutante of the evening had a peculiar fascination for me and I found myself unconsciously keeping him under close observation. Toward the end of the dance he stood facing me in earnest conversation with a young man whom I had not previously noticed. For some unknown reason I circled around to obtain a view of Lee's companion. I gave an inward start at the man's almost deathly pallor, the extraordinary length and thinness of his nose. Had my long search made this combination an obsession with me or was there really a resemblance between this face and the one I had seen for a brief second in the dimly lighted bank? What was the relationship between these two men and why were they engaged in discussing at a debutante dance a matter, which, to judge by their faces, was of some serious import. I determined not to lose sight of the pale young man, whose name I learned upon inquiry was Carter Harris. When the dance was over Leslie Lee was naturally among the last to depart. His friend, Harris, after taking his leave of the host and hostess of the evening, stood at one side, waiting. A few moments later the two men entered Lee's machine and were driven away from the Pitt residence with my taxi close at their wheels. I wanted to see more of this Lee and Harris and this was as good a time as any to learn their calling address.

"Lee dropped Harris at a bachelor apartment in the West Seventies and continued down to the

Fifties. At the entrance of one of the large apartment hotels he dismissed his chauffeur. I had learned all I could for that evening and returned to my own quarters to lay out a plan for becoming better acquainted with the life and habits of Lee and his friend Harris.

CHAPTER FOUR

"EARLY the next morning I went to Lee's hotel, learned from the house detective the location of his suite and obtained an adjoining one which had just been vacated by a well-known star and her husband who were leaving for the Coast. Lee's movements seemed of greater significance than those of Harris, for somehow I realized that if any sort of a partnership existed between the two, his was the dominating will. His face, his whole bearing bespoke the man accustomed to sit at his desk in the office of a large corporation while an army of busy and more-or-less frightened clerks hastened to carry out his directions. At the hotel I tried to learn something of his business interests but that he 'dabbled in stocks,' and his checks were drawn on a Southern bank constituted the only information the manager was able to give me.

"Lee did not leave his room that first day, nor did he receive any callers. However, about eight o'clock in the evening I heard his telephone ring. The brevity of the conversation led me to believe that the operator was announcing some one. About two minutes later the elevator stopped at our floor, steps came down the corridor and a visitor entered the room next door. By climbing out upon the ledge of my window and bracing myself against a cornice that ornamented the structure at this particular angle, I could get a fairly good view of the sitting room next door. I turned off my light and cautiously made my way out to this point of vantage.

"In a corner of the room before a writing desk piled high with papers sat Lee and opposite him was the pale-faced man I had seen at the Pitt home the previous evening. As I watched, Lee began to write slowly, in the manner of a boy doing an exercise in his copy book. Every few seconds he looked up at a piece of letter paper covered with writing which was braced against the lamp beside him.

"'There,' he said, after about five minutes of silence, 'no one will ever suspect that, especially the old lady.'

"He handed the paper over for his companion's inspection.

"'Good piece of work,' the latter commented. 'Even I could not tell it from the original.'

"He returned it to Lee, who took from his pocket a bill, folded it in with the letter and enclosed both in an envelope which I could see had already been through the mail. After cleaning it up with an eraser he addressed it, put a little mucilage on the flap, folded it and handed it over to Harris.

"'The old lady better receive this some time tomorrow,' he said. 'I don't want her to get suspicious and besides, I must admit I have a soft spot in my heart for her. A mother couldn't have taken better care of me than she did when that fall from the horse almost threw me into her front door. I'd go down and pay her a visit if I dared to let her know I was back in this country. I suppose she'll end her days in that little corner house on Pine Street. She seems to pay no attention to her daughter's suggestions that she get some one to live with her. Well, it is hard to make old folks change the habits of years. You're surely going over to the Island tomorrow?'

"'Without fail,' Harris answered. 'It will be the first of the month and I have some things to settle for the old man.'

"After a little more conversation along this line Harris took his leave. Lee spent a few minutes sorting the papers and locking them in his trunk. This done he began to make preparations to go out for the evening. In a short time his light was extinguished and I exchanged my cramped position on the window ledge for the easy chair of my own apartment, a good cigar and a train of baffling thoughts.

CHAPTER FIVE

"EARLY the next morning I continued my planning in a car stationed a few doors away from Harris's apartment. Even this second view of the pale-faced man had not identified him positively in my mind as a member of the quartet that had visited me uninvited two years before. Indeed, my interest had switched. I knew that a man who was strictly on the level, was not spending his evenings forging letters to women, even old ones, and a man who was not strictly on the level was no fitting associate for Genevieve Pitt. It was now to save her name from being connected even remotely with any scandal, rather than to clear up that old bank mystery, that I was bending all my energies. I could not go to Mr. Pitt with unconfirmed suspicions of the man whom rumor said his daughter was to marry. I must obtain some tangible evidence before public announcement of the engagement was made.

"About ten o'clock Harris came out of his apartment, hailed a passing cab and started downtown. At the Staten Island Ferry he got out and entered the ferry house. I picked up my package of books and photo folders and followed. At the other side of the ferry he boarded a street car and I jumped up on the back platform just as the car was starting out. After ten minutes ride he got off at a side street, hurried down the block and entered a large well-kept house that stood

far back from the road. I made a mental picture of its location and proceeded upon my way to the business section. I hardly thought that Harsis's Staten Island relations, whatever they were, were carried on by him under his New York name, but I wished to be thoroughly convinced of that fact. Inquiry at several of the small stores failed to bring information about any Carter Harris. The merchants were unanimous in the conviction that the only Harris family in that vicinity was the widow and daughter of Jasper Harris who lived at the opposite end of the town.

"Lee's reminiscences about the corner house on Pine Street in which the old lady lived alone made it an easy task to locate the prospective recipient of the forged letter. I entered the house and received a cordial reception as a representative of an educational movement who wished to interest her in a new religious work.

"'Now that I have nothing but this little house to care for I would like to do some religious work,' she said, her eyes smiling at me through her heavy glasses, 'that is, of course, if it is not too long a walk from here.'

"'You don't quite understand me, madam,' I said. 'The work I wish to interest you in is a new edition of "The Lives of the Saints," which we are selling on easy terms to members of——'

"'Oh, a book agent,' she said, in a disappointed tone. 'Well, don't waste your time talking, young man. I promised my daughter Doris I would never knowingly converse with a book agent as long as I lived. The last one that came around sold me the Great Masters in five installments. I thought I was getting some pictures for the front parlor and when my daughter came home that night she told me I had signed a contract for a hundred dollars worth of books.'

"'Oh, if you are interested in pictures I have just the proposition for you,' I put in hurriedly. 'Beside my book work I represent a firm of photographers. We have a very attractive spring offer now. For ten dollars we will make a colored enlargement similar to a painting of any photograph you give us.'

"I could see at once that she was interested.

"'Well, I would like to have a large picture of my daughter,' she said, after a moment's thought. 'She has been away from me almost three years. Soon after she got married she went to England with her husband and she has never returned to this country. Do you think you could make a good picture out of this?' she asked, handing me a photograph from an album on a table nearby.

"'I am sure of it,' I said, taking out my order blank.

"As I had hoped when I timed my visit, there was a ring at the doorbell while I was questioning the old lady about the color of her daughter's eyes, hair and dress, and she left me to admit the man I knew as Carter Harris.

"'I have something for you,' he said, as he came down the little hall toward the room in which I was sitting.

"'A letter from Doris?' she asked eagerly.

"As he handed her the letter her head reached the threshold of the room and caught sight of me.

"'You'll excuse me if I read it at once?' she asked, and without waiting for a reply, tore open the envelope. With the enclosed piece of writing paper came a fifty dollar bill.

"As Mrs. Kay, for that was the name she had given me on the application blank, read her letter which I knew Leslie Lee had written at his hotel the night before, Harris cast questioning glances at me. The photo folders, the application blanks which I had spread on the table before me, and which now were engrossing my full attention immediately told him by occupation. The frown on his face as he looked at me gave me to understand that it was one of which he in no manner approved.

"'I am so glad the climate over there agrees with Doris,' the old lady said when she had finished reading the letter and tucked it safely away in her dress, 'but I do wish she could come home just for a visit. Oh, yes, Howard, I am having an enlargement made of Doris's last picture. I have always wanted one.'

"'But do you think Doris will approve?' the man asked. 'You know she never did like that picture.'

"'Well, I always did and I can hide it when she comes home,' the old lady answered.

"For some reason or other this Carter Harris had no desire to have the photograph pass into strange hands, but he could think of no argument strong enough to deter Mrs. Kay from her purpose.

"'If you will write your answer to Doris's letter this afternoon, I will stop for it and post it over in New York,' he said finally, rising to go.

"'That will be splendid,' the old lady agreed. 'Somehow I could never be sure that the letters got there unless you saw them safely in the Post Office.'

"As Harris had planned to spend the afternoon in Staten Island I caught the next boat back to New York, hunted up a photographer to make two enlargements and several small copies of Doris Kay's picture and then returned to the hotel to keep an eye on my next door neighbor.

CHAPTER SIX

"AS on the previous night a caller was announced early in the evening. As the elevator stopped at our floor I listened for the sound of footsteps but heard none. To my surprise, however, the door of the next room opened and I heard a greeting in a woman's voice. I immediately extinguished my light and took up my position on the window ledge. A strange fear which I tried to dismiss from my mind as wholly

unworthy made me long yet dread to gaze into the next room. The woman remained near the closed door which was shut off from my view by an alcovelike projection.

"'See the privileges you can enjoy as my sister,' Lee laughed, as he approached the window. 'But that air of complete innocence which you always have about you would help you get away with anything.'

"With that he closed the window and pulled down the shade leaving me there on the window ledge with a pane of glass and a piece of green curtain standing between me and the knowledge I craved more than anything else in the world. I returned to my room, softly opened the door and pulled up my chair where I could get a full view of the hall. I sat there in the darkness for an hour suffering untold mental torture. Now and then a laugh or the murmur of voices reached me from the next room, and at one time the clinking of glasses. Finally the telephone rang. Although no sound reached me, I knew when the man put the receiver back on the hook, he had said,

"'Not at home.'

"An hour later the door was opened softly and I saw a woman go down the corridor toward the elevator. A long, flowing cape completely hid her figure, and a close-fitting turban gave no clue to even the color of her hair. Before I could get my hat and follow her the elevator had borne her from my sight. I wished more than anything to rid myself of the uncertainty of it all. Even a confirmation of my suspicion would have been a welcome relief. I thought of phoning the Pitt home and asking for Miss Pitt but even as I reached for the receiver, I saw the uselessness of such a procedure. If she happened to be in what excuse could I give her for the call; if I learned she was out, what right would I have to question her whereabouts? My motto has always been, 'When in doubt, walk.' The exercise may not settle the doubt, but it will go a long way toward keeping it from running away with your legs. I started through Central Park, and when I landed at the opposite end I could not remember having had one clear thought during the entire journey, but I was at least physically tired, tired enough to go home and sleep in spite of the wild fancies that were playing golf on the course of my brain.

"The next morning I welcomed the task I had set myself for the day, a visit to Carter Harris's step-father in the guise of the book agent who had called upon Mrs. Kay. I found the old gentleman, Richard North, not adverse to a companion even though he turned out to be a book agent. Mr. North was badly crippled with rheumatism and had not left the porch of his house for months.

"'I called upon Mrs. Kay yesterday,' I said, in an attempt to learn something more about the widow and her daughter. 'She gave me a small photograph of her daughter from which to make an enlargement.

"'A fine girl, Doris, and the prettiest on the Island,' the old gentleman commented. 'I can remember when she was a little tot at school, the boys fought many a day for the privilege of carrying her books home. When she grew older she showed a preference for my boy Howard and a George Talbot. Later George went out West and my boy had the field to himself. They were just about to announce their engagement when a young fellow named Wallace Martin was thrown from his horse near Widow Kay's house and was laid up there for weeks. After that when Howard went to call Doris thought it polite that they should sit in the room with the young man and entertain him. This led to a dispute between Doris and my son and he stopped going there so frequently and finally altogether. Shortly after that Doris married this Martin and left for England with him. She has not been home since.'

"'How long ago was that?' I asked.

"'Just three years ago,' the old man answered. 'I remember it well, for at the same time my son left for the West. He did not hold it against Martin that he had won his girl from him. In fact, they were partners in some business dealings and Howard made quite a fortune.'

"'Funny,' I remarked, thoughtfully. 'I once knew a man by the name of Wallace Martin. I wonder if it could be my friend who married Doris Kay.'

"I then proceeded to describe a man differing in every detail from Leslie Lee.

"'Oh, no, no,' Mr. North interrupted, almost impatiently, and then, as I had hoped, gave me a complete description of the man who had been Mrs. Kay's guest. It coincided in every particular of face and form with the man who occupied the room next to mine, even to the shifting trick of the eyes.

"'This is a fine place you have here, Mr. North,' I remarked, when I realized that I had exhausted the previous topic of conversation. 'It's been in the family a long time, I presume.'

"'No, my son bought it for me with the money he made from his first big deal with Martin,' the old man replied. 'It was just after he went West and Martin and Doris left for England.'

CHAPTER SEVEN

"I HAD much food for thought on my way back to New York that evening. I was convinced that the Wallace Martin who had married the daughter of Mrs. Kay and the Leslie Lee who was seeking to wed Genevieve Pitt were the same person. What had become of Doris Kay was the question that baffled me. Her mother believed her still in England. If such was the case why was her husband forging letters purported

to come from her? If she had died during her stay there why had no word been received by the mother?

"The story of Carter Harris's step-father left no doubt in my mind that the Staten Island house was purchased with part of the son's share of the money taken from the bank. To obtain some tangible proof was another matter. I decided to devote the remainder of the evening to an attempt to become better acquainted with the movements of Harris.

"From eight until eleven I sat in a cab a few doors away from his apartment. Precisely on the hour another vehicle turned down the block and stopped in front of his house. At that moment the shade of a window on the third floor was raised and Harris's figure appeared against the lighted background. A few seconds later the room was in darkness. As Harris appeared in the entrance of the apartment the door of the cab closed after Harris and the vehicle rolled down the block in the direction of Broadway. Near one of the side streets in the lower part of the city the men got out and proceeded on foot. I waited until they had turned the corner before I ordered my driver to stop. By walking rapidly I caught sight of them again, just as they were entering a brownstone house, with a bleak, uninviting front that gave no signs of life. It was one of a row all modeled after one pattern that had in the early history of the city been the homes of the social leaders.

"I took up my position in the doorway of a building across the street, waiting for a light to appear in one of the windows. But the house remained in total darkness. Either the two men had gone directly to the back part, or else they had taken the precaution of finding their way around without light. I took my ring of passkeys from my pocket, crossed the street and quietly ascended the stoop. I knew if I could get inside the door I could get some clue to what was going on. If I was discovered by some one in the house I could give the excuse of mistaking it for one of similar appearance down the block.

"I stepped into the large hallway and stood in the corner listening attentively for sounds of life. Absolute quiet reigned. I made my way cautiously around to the staircase that led down to the basement. Straining my ears, I could catch the faint sound of movement below. I crept slowly down the stairs and, guided by a faint ray of light, gained the entrance to the cellar stairs. Voices came up to me from the darkness.

"'You made a good job of it,' some one said. 'I didn't fancy it myself, but it was that or a squeal from him and the pen for ours for the rest of our lives.'

"'He had us in his power after that last deal,' a voice which I recognized to be Harris's answered. 'It was clever of him to urge us on to it and keep his own hands clean. I guess he was planning on just this, damn him.'

"The conversation ended there, and a sound I could not at first distinguish reached my ears. Finally I recognized it as the shoveling of dirt. I bent down and peered into the cellar. At the foot of the stairs was a large, roughly-hewn box. As I gazed Harris approached it and drew back the cloth that was covering it. With a shudder of horror I recognized in the deadly-white face that was revealed the features of the girl whose photograph was then in my pocket. As my eyes were fastened on Harris he gave a furtive glance in the direction of his companion, and then placed his hand on the girl's forehead. There seemed to be something tender, almost loverlike, in his touch.

"I had now more evidence than I really wanted to convict these men of a hideous crime. Even as I made my way quietly from the house and hastened to Headquarters for a detachment of men to return with me to take charge of the body, the picture of old Mrs. Kay came to my mind, and I wished for her sake that cellar could keep its secret and she could continue for her few remaining years content in the thought that her daughter was safe and happy in England.

"In less than half an hour I returned to the house with four men of the staff. There was no sign of life within. Evidently Harris and his companion had departed as soon as their mission was completed. We made our way to the cellar. Freshly laid dirt directed us to the burial place of that crude coffin. In a few minutes we had unearthed it and brought it up to the surface. Silently we forced open the lid and found the box—filled with dirt.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

"THERE was to my mind only one thing for a solution of the mystery. As soon as Harris had left his companion he had returned to the old house and for some reason or other removed the body to a different burial place. Was it remorse for the crime which he had committed, a desire to make some atonement by giving the girl a final resting place more fitting than that dark, damp cellar?

"My co-workers looked at me in amazement. If they had not known me as a pretty level-headed detective I am sure they would have had some doubt of the story which I had told them. Then, too, the fact of finding the box, even though it contained only dirt, gave some credence to my story.

"'Wade, was the light strong enough for you to be sure it was a girl's face you saw?' one of them ventured.

"'I am almost beginning to doubt my own sight,' I replied. 'But, yes, I know it was a girl's face and I recognized the features.'

"It seemed I was still a great way from en

tangling Lee and his associates in a network of evidence. What proof had I now to uphold my theory in regard to the strange disappearance of Doris Kay?

"Meantime the society columns had announced the engagement of Miss Genevieve Pitt, only daughter of William Pitt, to Leslie Lee. The wedding, it was expected, would take place in the early fall. Convinced as I was in my own mind of the character of Miss Pitt's fiancé, I still hesitated to inform her father of my belief. Perhaps it was professional pride that made me loath to divulge the existence of a mystery until I had found a solution for it.

"Meanwhile Lee's caller (his sister, he called her) continued to visit him three or four times a week. Her identity baffled me. She always wore the long cape, the heavy veil, that served as a complete disguise. Finally one evening I was fortunate enough to get off the elevator just as she was getting on. A hairpin had fallen from the side of her hair and had become caught in the mesh of her under-veil. As her hand went up to get the pin it uncovered her face for a fraction of a second. I almost shouted my relief at the sight of her dark beauty. Whatever were her relations to Leslie Lee, however much they proved the man's unfaithfulness to his prospective wife, they at least reflected no dishonor upon her. I determined to find out more about this woman, who in face of the announcement of Lee's betrothal visited him in his apartment. That she realized the impropriety of her actions was evinced by her attempt at disguise. The next evening she called I sat in my room, hat in hand, waiting for the sounds of leave-taking in the next apartment. I then hurried down the hall and arrived at the elevator in time to get into the same car with her. She made her way quickly to the Grand Central, and I followed. At Yonkers she left the train, hastened from the station, down a side street and into a house next to a small stone church. This house was undoubtedly the parsonage. What Lee's veiled visitor was doing as a member of a minister's household added further to the mystery. I walked to the other end of the town, and there made inquiry for the residence of the Rev. C. O. Talbot, whose name I had read on the announcement board at the side of the church door.

"'He lives several blocks from here, almost at the other end of the car line,' I was told at the newspaper office at which I inquired. 'If you want to see Dr. Talbot personally I can save you a trip,' my informant added. 'He left Monday morning to attend a conference in Chicago.'

"The minister's absence worked in splendidly with my plans. The next day in the disguise of an up-State minister, I called at the Rev. Talbot's home. His wife confirmed my previous information.

"'I am so sorry,' I said regretfully. 'I have been looking forward to a few hours' visit with my dear brother. I came up from New York City expressly for that purpose.'

"Mrs. Talbot showed genuine concern that I had taken that long trip with no better result.

"'I shall be pleased to have you stay for luncheon,' she invited. 'You can't possibly get back to the city in time for any other appointment, and we are just about to sit down.'

"I accepted her invitation gratefully. Just before luncheon was anounced by a little maid of all work we were joined in the living room by Lee's mysterious friend. She was introduced to me as Miss Brown. In the course of the conversation during luncheon I learned that she was from the West. Her father and the minister's father had been intimate friends. She was spending the summer months at the home of the Talbots as a combination guest and tutor to their only child. I noticed that she was ill at ease, that her attention was fastened with a sort of nervous eagerness upon the clock rather than upon our conversation. As soon as the meal was ended she excused herself upon the plea that she had some errand downtown. A few moments later I saw her hurrying from the house. The arrival of some ladies from the church to discuss a coming festival with the minister's wife afforded me a graceful opportunity to take my leave.

"As there was no train due for some time on the Central I boarded a street car, with the intention of riding to the other end of the town and walking back in time for my train. As I was riding along and puzzling over the dual character of Miss Brown, the companion of a minister's wife and daughter, an evening visitor at the apartment of Genevieve Pitt's fiancé, I caught sight of the object of my thoughts walking with a gentleman in the direction the car was going. I rode on several blocks further, took the next car back and got off at a point a short distance beyond the couple. In this way I came up behind them and overheard a fragment of their conversation.

"'I cannot believe that he would murder her, and yet it is strange we can get no trace of her,' the girl was saying.

"At that moment Miss Brown turned and recognized me. I glibly told her of my plan to pass the time until the train was due by taking a walk out into the country. I walked beside the couple for a block or so, and then boarded the next car going in the direction of the station. I recalled later the look of relief that came over the faces of Miss Brown and her companion, Mr. Temple, when I announced my intention of leaving them.

CHAPTER NINE.

"IT was dusk when I returned to the city. I knew that Miss Brown would scarcely have time to get down from Yonkers for her evening

visit to Lee, which generally took place between seven-forty-five and eight, but I hoped that Harris might call, as I had not seen him at the hotel for several days.

"About eight o'clock the ringing of the telephone in the next room told me that some one was on the way up to the adjoining apartment. It was a man's step that came down the hall, and I climbed out on my window ledge to gain my point of vantage. Lee's habit was to leave both the shade and the window up during the evening, except when Miss Brown was visiting him. Instead of Harris, as I had expected, the caller was short and dark, somewhat foreign in appearance. The moment he spoke I recognized the voice of the second man in the grave-digging episode.

"'But I have no proof that she is dead,' Lee said after a few preliminary remarks. 'I am disturbed by vivid dreams every night in which she comes to me and pleads for mercy. The thing is getting on my nerves.'

"'But I tell you I buried her with my own hands in the cellar of the old house on West street,' the man insisted. 'You need have no fear of a visit from her.'

"'But I have nothing but your word to convince me," Lee told him.

"'If you will not take that the only thing for you to do is to accompany me to the old house, say, to-morrow night, when I can make arrangements to have every one else away, dig up the coffin and see with your own eyes,' the man suggested. 'It will be a bother and not the safest thing in the world to do, but still you paid enough money to be sure the job was done the way you ordered it.'

"Accordingly the two made arrangements to go the next evening to the house on West street. Knowing well what they would find in that dark cellar, I planned to leave them to their own devices and devote my full attention to the movements of Carter Harris.

"About ten o'clock the following night my taxicab followed the one Harris entered at his apartment downtown into the then almost deserted part of the city. At first I thought he had made an appointment to join Lee and his companion at the West Street house. However, before we reached that street the cab switched suddenly and went in the opposite direction. It stopped before an old frame building that was dimly lighted. As I continued to drive on past the house I saw Harris run up the steps and pass through the door that was held open by an old colored man. I made a mental note of the address of the house, feeling confident that a glance within would give a new angle to the ever-deepening mystery. Evidently Harris was a frequent visitor there and his arrival was timed to the minute as the door had been opened for him the moment he started up the stoop.

"That Lee's mind was greatly disturbed by what he had found or rather what he had not found in the cellar of the West Street house was very evident to me as his next door neighbor. All night long the light burned in his room. I doubt if he even attempted to lie down. At regular intervals he went to the window, either opened or closed it and then softly opened his door and peered out into the hall. Twice I heard him at his telephone. Each call was followed by the appearance of Fritz from the office with a pitcher of ice and a bottle of liquor. Evidently the fear of those dreams in which the murdered girl appeared so vividly, kept him from trying to sleep.

CHAPTER TEN

"THE next evening three men from headquarters joined me in following Carter Harris. I had an idea that he had moved the body from the house on West street to the building he had visited the prevous night. With this proof of the murder the evidence against Harris, Lee and their associates would be complete.

"The men worked in with my plans better than I had even dared hope, duplicating in every detail the movements that had led me to this new rendezvous. My men stationed themselves in the shadow of a store across the street while I hid in the doorway of the adjoining house. I intended, if possible, to gain admittance quietly. Otherwise, we would force our way in.

"Just an hour after Carter Harris's arrival two men came down the block and hurried up the stoop. I recognized in one of them Harris's companion in the cellar of the West street house. From them I learned that there was a signal ring, two long, two short, one long. That was valuable information. I gave the newcomers time to become well engrossed in whatever mission had brought them to the house, then I ran up the steps and gave the signal. The door was opened almost immediately by the old servant. Before he had time to speak I clapped a chloroform-soaked handkerchief under his nose and laid him down quietly in a dark corner of the hallway. From a front room on the main floor I caught sounds that indicated the progress of an interesting card game. This would probably occupy the men for some time making it safe for me to investigate the upper stories. I made my way cautiously up the stairs. There was no light visible fron any of the rooms. It would be a good opportunity to search the cellar, where, after all, I expected to find some trace of the desired evidence.

"As I turned to descend the stairs, my attention was arrested by muffled sobbing. I listened intently. It seemed to come from the front of the house. I put my ear first to one door and then to another until I was sure I had located the room. I placed my hand on the knob. The key was on the outside of the door. I turned it noiselessly. Evidently the hearing of the person within the room had been sharpened by fear.

The sobbing stopped immediately and I caught the faint swish of a woman's garment.

"'Please, please, Howard, release me,' a weak voice begged. 'Wallace will never know. For God's sake, don't take advantage of me. You know I'm helpless to resist you now. For the sake of the old days, Howard——'

"The words ended in a sob.

"'Hush, Miss Kay, I have come to save you,' I said for the first time taking out my pocket flash and lighting up the room, the white-robed figure crouched in one corner.. 'But you must be brave and do exactly as I tell you. Have you any other clothes?' I asked, for the brief flash showed me that her robe was of the sheerest material.

"'This is all I have," she answered.

"'Here this will do,' I remarked as I pulled a dark cover from the couch. 'Wrap yourself in this. Don't let any of the white of your robe show. If we meet anyone in the hall you will not be so sure of detection.'

"'Oh, I'm afraid, I'm afraid to leave the room,' she sobbed.

"'There's nothing to fear,' I assured her. 'My men are outside waiting for my signal. We'll try to avoid a fight if possible; if not, we are well prepared.'

"Taking her hand I led her from the room and toward the stairs. As we put our foot upon the first step the door of the room in the lower hall opened and Harris's voice called impatiently:

"'George, George, where are you, you lazy nigger? Bring us up some ice.'

"Without waiting for a reply he closed the door and we could hear sounds of the resumed card game.

"Step by step I half carried the trembling girl down to the front door.

"'You're safe now,' I whispered as I laid my hand on the knob.

"I turned it with a feeling of relief. At that moment a loud clang rang through the house. I recognized the alarm device.

"'Run,' I cried to the girl, giving her a push through the open door at the same time blowing the whistle which I held in my mouth.

"The occupants of the front room came piling out led by Harris. Until the latter heard my whistle his only thought was that the girl had in some way unlocked the door of her room and was trying to escape. By the time the real situation flashed upon his mind it was too late to draw as my men had the group covered.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

"AT headquarters Doris Kay unraveled the mystery of her disappearance from the cellar of the West street house. Lee, or Wallace as she called him, had brought her from England with him under the guise of an insane sister whom he was taking to America to put in the care of a famous alienist. All the way over she had been locked in her stateroom and had been permitted to see no one. Upon her arrival here she had been hastened to the West street house where she had been carefully guarded. From Harris she learned that her husband, who had met Genevieve Pitt in London where she was visiting some relatives of her mother's, and under the pretense of being single had made a favorable impression upon the young heiress, had given orders to an Italian called Talano to have his wife killed in order that he might be free to marry again. Talano—he was the short, foreign-looking man I first saw in company with Harris in the West street cellar—by no means relished his job, but as he said Lee had 'the goods on him and if he squealed it was all up.' He had talked it over with Harris and the latter agreed, had even asked, to have full control of the matter, promising to take the responsibility in case of detection. This pleased Talano and he gave the girl into the custody of Harris. A dose of Thero's drug that had made me helpless the night of the bank robbery, the burial followed by the immediate digging up by Harris the moment he had seen Talano, with whom he had parted at the door, turn the corner, the removal to the house in which I found her where Harris who had only been concealing his anger at his jilting for Lee and was waiting an opportunity to 'get even' was keeping her a prisoner for his own purpose, was the history of Doris Kay's life from the time of her return from England.

"There was still another angle to the story, the girl known as Miss Brown who was residing with the minister in Yonkers. Neither Talano nor Harris knew of her existence and yet her association with Lee pointed to some sort of complicity in his crimes. We decided to take her by surprise, to learn her history before she had time to invent a plausible story. After Lee had been turned over to the authorities, which was done without any publicity and upon the evidence of Harris who had been hiding his hatred under the guise of friendship, partnership in his crooked dealings, I moved into his apartment.

"Two evenings passed and the girl did not appear. I was beginning to fear that she had learned of Lee's arrest and had already slipped through our fingers. On the third evening about eight o'clock the operator announced:

"'Your sister, Mr. Lee.'

"I left the door on a crack—for so I observed had been the custom of the former occupant of the apartment—that the caller might enter without delay. I kept in the shadow with my back toward her until she was well into the room. Then I turned suddenly. She gave a little gasp of surprise and reached for the knob.

"'One moment, please,' I said, quietly.

"'But I must be in the wrong apartment,' she murmured. 'I was looking for twenty-one.'

"'This is twenty-one,' I answered.

"'But Mr. Lee——,' she continued.

"'Is unavoidably detained,' I finished, 'and has requested me to receive you in his place.'

"She knew at once that something was wrong, and make a rather quick movement toward the door.

"I showed my badge.

"'There is no use of your trying to leave,' I told her. 'The place is well covered and you will be arrested on sight. You may as well sit down and tell me what it is all about.'

"She sank into a chair with an expression that had a close resemblance to relief.

"'May I rest a moment before I start to talk?" she asked.

"She was still trembling from the shock of finding me in Lee's apartment. I offered her a glass of water and bade her take her own time with the story. She sank gratefully into a chair and threw back her long cape.

"'I am sorry you caught him before I got the information I want,' she said finally. 'No, I am not a detective,' she added, reading my thoughts, 'that is, I am only a self-appointed one. My object in watching Lee is a personal one. My story goes back six years when my older sister married in Florida a man by the name of Matthew Rankin. I was teaching out West at the time, and was not able to be present at the wedding. My sister hoped to come West with her husband to visit me right after her marriage but was forced to change her plans at the last moment owing to some important business which would keep my brother-in-law in Florida. They made their home in a small town and my sister's life, though quiet, seemed to be very happy. A year and a half after her marriage she wrote that the dearest wish of her heart was about to be fulfilled. Between the lines of each letter I read the hope that I might be able to leave my school duties and be with her at that time. I made every effort to do so, but found it impossible to obtain a leave of absence at that time. I promised that I would give up my summer school which had up to this time occupied my vacations and spend those two months with her.

"'As it grew near the time for the birth of her baby her letters reflected a fear that she would not pull through the ordeal. She begged me in case of her death to take the child and bring it up as my own. To this arrangement she sent her husband's consent in writing.

"'A week after the announcement of the baby's birth came a telegram telling me of the death of both my sister and the child. It would be useless for me to take the trip to Florida, my brother-in-law informed me, for owing to circumstances which he would explain in a letter that would follow, it would be impossible for him to delay the burial until I could reach there.

"'The letter never came. The three I sent him were returned with the postmaster's "Not here" written across the envelopes. I wrote to the postmaster. Yes, there had been a man by the name of Matthew Rankin living there with his wife, but he had left town suddenly, giving no forwarding address. He was unaware of the death of the wife.

"'Something told me my sister was still alive but unable to communicate with me. I was without sufficient funds to employ detectives on the case and besides I had never even seen my brother-in-law. My idea of his appearance was founded upon the several pictures my sister had sent me. The mystery of Lola's disappearance preyed upon my mind until I was wholly unfitted for my duties. At the urgent pleading of my fiancé, who is an attorney in Baltimore, I gave up and came to Yonkers to visit an old friend of my father's.

"'I was lunching in town one day when something about the face of the man at the next table attracted my attention. He looked familiar and yet I could not remember having seen him before. I kept stealing furtive glances at him, trying in vain to place him. Then suddenly it came to me that he bore a marked resemblance to the pictures of my brother-in-law I had studied so carefully. I turned quickly to get a look at his left temple. Yes, there it was, that peculiar V-shaped scar my sister had described as a result of a fall when a baby. I was sure I had found Matthew Rankin. If I lost sight of him now I might never be able to get trace of him again. He was finishing his luncheon. So was I. In a flash a ruse came to me that I felt would work, judging from the man's evident desire to make my acquaintance. As the waiter presented the check I fumbled in my bag for my small purse. I brought my hand out empty and the color that suffused my face told its own story. I began to explain to the waiter. He would ask his chief about it. As he left my side the man at the next table joined me.

"'I see that you are in an embarrassing position,' he began.

"'Yes, I have lost my purse,' I replied.

"'I will settle this with mine,' he said, picking up my check.

"'Please don't trouble,' I protested. 'I believe the waiter is going to trust me.'

"'No trouble at all, and it will save you further annoyance,' he assured me.

"'I smiled gratefully.

"'You must write your name and address in my address book,' I said, earnestly. 'There is no other way I will permit,' I added, as he hesitated.

"'He turned to the "L's" and wrote "Leslie Lee" and the name of his hotel.

"'I hurried home and compared the writing with that on the scrap of paper I still retained through sentimental reasons, my brother-in-law's permission to adopt my sister's baby in case of her death. It was identical.

"'The rest was simple. By returning the money in person I easily carried the restaurant acquaintanceship still further and pretending to be a divorcee out in search of adventure I gained the next step, an invitation to visit him in his apartment. I hoped by establishing an intimacy with him to gain some clue to my sister's fate.

I always carried a small pistol in the coat of my cape to protect myself from unwelcome attentions.

"'Does anyone know of your mission?' I asked, remembering her companion of that afternoon in Yonkers.

"'Only my fiancé, who comes up from Baltimore every week to advise me in my work.'

"'I think I have a clue that may help you to get in touch with your sister even if Lee refuses to tell her whereabouts,' I said as I unlocked a drawer and took from it the letterhead of an asylum in Florida. The letter had been torn up but the heading with the beginning of the address 'Mr. Ma' had been kept, probably for reference."

Just then the club clock struck the half hour.

"Half past twelve," exclaimed the detective, rising to his feet. "The wife will be sending out an alarm for me."

"But you have left us in midair," I protested, "Did Miss Brown find her sister?"

"Yes," Wade answered, thoughtfully. "She had really gone insane. Her case was not hopeless, but required more skilled treatment than could be obtained in the particular asylum to which her husband had committed her. He probably would have arranged that treatment for her if it had not been that his infatuation for Doris Kay rendered the condition in which he had committed her more convenient for his purpose. Under the care of her sister and her brother-in-law, she soon returned to her normal condition."

"And Doris Kay?"

"Is now a happy and prosperous business woman. Lee is still in the penitentiary. Harris and Talano were pardoned for good behavior, and the other member of the bank quartet died a few months after the robbery. That clears everything up, doesn't it, boys? Remember the wife and the alarm," he laughed, turning to go.

"Just one thing more," Jack put in. "How did Genevieve Pitt feel about her misplaced affections?"

"Come around and ask her some evening when Mildred's budding is completed," Wade answered. "She's my wife."

LEARNED TO MAKE SPURIOUS BILLS IN PUBLIC LIBRARY

HOW three brothers followed the best authenticated recipes for success, read and studied diligently at the public library to learn to make money, and presently were making a lot of money, was told recently to secret service agents. At first glance the money the three young men are said to have made looked just as good as that made by anybody else, but it was not, according to the secret service.

After more than $5,000 of counterfeit money had been exchanged for money made in Washington, the three are now taking a brief vacation. John S. Tucker, local agent of the secret service, says the holiday may be extended. Robert Cashall, oldest of the three and twenty-nine, is in the Old Slip police station, New York City, and John, twenty-one, and David, twenty-five, are held in Detroit. All are charged with making, having in their possession and passing counterfeit money.

Not one of the three ever worked as engraver, photographer or lithographer, so far as Mr. Tucker knows, yet the counterfeit one dollar and five-dollar bills went well for about a year. It is said they did it all themselves from instructions they got from books on photo-lithography they drew from the public library. The secret service man says the work was done in an apartment at 1803 Amsterdam avenue, near 124th street, where for a time the wife of David Cashill lived with the trio and, Mr. Tucker thinks, was quite innocent of what they were doing with their presses and plates.

These facts and others concerning the three studious brothers, Mr. Tucker says, were imparted by Robert Cashill, who, he adds, confessed after his arrest one morning in the Amsterdam avenue apartment. Secret service men say they found in the apartment two printing presses, four sets of plates for one and five-dollar bills, and gloss photographic negatives, besides $359 in counterfeit money. There were also newspaper clippings of articles warning against the very counterfeits found.

According to the secret service men, Robert Cashill said he and David first took illegal liberties with legal tender two years ago, when they commenced "raising notes." That, the secret service men explained, means changing the numerals of value and other markings of real bills to make them appear of higher value.

The arrest of Robert came after word had been received here that David and John were under arrest in Detroit. Counterfeit bills passed in Newark, Boston, Philadelphia, Toledo, Bridgeport, Providence and other places were from the plates seized in the Amsterdam avenue apartment, it was said. The bills counterfeited were $5 Federal reserve notes, $1 silver certificates and $5 notes of the First National Bank of the City of New York. All these counterfeits had been detected in circulation long ago and circular warnings had been issued against them.

Robert told the authorities that he had been a clerk, while David was a machinist and John a candy seller with a circus.

Mary Kingsford and the Thieves

By INSPECTOR WALSH.

TOWARD the close of last year I was hurriedly dispatched to Boston for the purpose of securing the person of one Charles James Marshall, a collector, who, it was suddenly discovered, had absconded with a considerable sum of money belonging to his employers. I was too late, Charles James Marshall having sailed in one of the liners day before my arrival. This fact well ascertained, I immediately set out on my return to New York. Winter had come upon us unusually early; the weather was bitterly cold, and a piercing wind caused the snow, which had been falling heavily for several hours, to gyrate in fierce, blinding eddies, and heaped it up here and there in large and dangerous drifts. We traveled steadily and safely though slowly along, and reached a station in the afternoon, where we were to remain till a fast down-train had passed. All of us hurried as quickly as we could to the large room at this station, where heaters soon thawed the half-frozen bodies and loosened the tongues of the numerous passengers. After recovering the use of my benumbed limbs I had leisure to look around and survey the miscellaneous assemblage.

Two persons had traveled in the same car with me, whose exterior, as disclosed by the dim light of the railway carriage, created some surprise. To an eye less experienced than mine in the artifices and expedients familiar to a certain class of "swells," they might perhaps have passed muster for what they assumed to be, but their copper finery could not for a moment impose upon me. The watch-chains were, I saw, mosaic; the watches, so frequently displayed, gilt; eye-glasses, the same; the coats, fur-collared and cuffed, were ill-fitting and second-hand; ditto of the boots; while the luxuriant mustaches and whiskers were unmistakably mere *pieces d'occasion*. They were both apparently about fifty years of age, one of them perhaps one or two years less than that. I watched them narrowly, the more so from their making themselves ostentatiously attentive to a young woman—girl rather she seemed—of a remarkably graceful figure, but whose face I had not yet obtained a glimpse of. They made boisterous way for her to the heater, and were profuse and noisy in their offers of refreshment, all of which, I observed, were peremptorily declined. She was dressed in deep, unexpensive mourning; and from her timid gestures and averted head, whenever either of the fellows addressed her, was, it was evident, terrified as well as annoyed by their rude and insolent remarks. I quietly drew near to where she stood, and with some difficulty obtained a sight of her features.

I was struck with extreme surprise—not so much at her singular beauty, as from an instantaneous conviction that she was known to me, or at least that I had seen her frequently before, but where or when I could not at all call to mind. Again I looked, and my first impression was confirmed. At this moment the elder of the two men I have partially described placed his hand, with a rude familiarity, upon the girl's shoulder, proffering at the same time a glass of hot chocolate. She turned sharply and indignantly away from the fellow, and looking around as if for protection, caught my eagerly-fixed gaze.

"Mr. Kelly!" she impulsively ejaculated. "Oh, I am so glad!"

"Yes," I answered. "That is certainly my name, but I scarcely remember—— Stand back!" I angrily continued, as her tormenter, emboldened by the liquor he had drank, pressed with a jeering grin upon his face towards her. "Stand back!" He replied by a curse and a threat. The next moment his toupee was whirling across the room, and he was standing with his bullet head bare but for a few locks of iron-gray, in an attitude of speechless rage and confusion. He put himself in a fighting attitude, and, backed by his companion, challenged me to battle. This was quite out of the question, and I was somewhat at a loss how to proceed, when the bell announcing the departure of the train rang out, my furious antagonist gathered up and adjusted his wig, and we all sallied forth to take our places, the young woman holding fast by my arm, and in a low, nervous voice begging me not to leave her. I watched the two fellows take their seats, and then led her to the hindmost car, which we had to ourselves as far as the next station.

"Are Mrs. Kelly and Emily quite well?" said the young woman, coloring and lowering her eyes beneath my earnest gaze, which she seemed for a moment to misinterpret.

"Quite—entirely so," I almost stammered. "You know us then?"

"Surely I do," she replied, reassured by my manner. "But you, it seems," she presently added with a winning smile, "have quite forgotten little Mary Kingsford."

"Mary Kingsford!" I exclaimed, almost with a shout. "Why, so it is! But what a transformation a few years have effected!"

"Do you think so? Not pretty Mary Kingsford now, then, I suppose?" she added with a slight, pleasant laugh.

"You know what I mean, you vain puss you!" I rejoined, quite gleefully; for I was overjoyed at meeting with the gentle, well-remembered play-

mate of my own eldest girl. We were old familiar friends—almost father and daughter—in an instant.

Little Mary Kingsford, I should state, was, when I left Forge Village, one of the prettiest, most engaging children I had ever seen; and a petted favorite not only with us, but of every other family in the neighborhood. She was the only child of Philip and Mary Kingsford—a humble, much-respected couple. The father was a gardener, and her mother eked out his wages to a respectable maintenance by keeping a children's school. The change which a few years had wrought in the beautiful child was quite sufficient to account for my imperfect recognition of her, but the instant her name was mentioned I at once recognized the rare comeliness which had charmed us all in her childhood.

The soft brown eyes were the same, though now revealing profounder depths, and emitting a more pensive expression; the hair, though deepened in color, was still golden; her complexion, lit up as it now was by a sweet blush, was brilliant as ever; while her child-person had become matured and developed into womanly symmetry and grace. The brilliancy of color vanished from her cheek as I glanced meaningly at her mourning dress.

"Yes," she murmured in a sad, quivering voice, "yes, father is gone! It will be six months next Thursday that he died. Mother is well," she continued more cheerfully after a pause, "in health, but poorly off; and I—and I," she added, with an effort at a smile, "am going to New York to seek my fortune!"

"To seek your fortune?"

"Yes; you know my cousin, Sophy Clarke? In one of her letters she said she often saw you."

I nodded without speaking. I knew little of Sophia Clarke, except that she was the somewhat gay, coquettish shopwoman of a confectioner on Broadway, whom I shall call by the name of Morris.

"I am to be Sophy's fellow store assistant," continued Mary Kingsford; "not, of course, at first at such good wages as she gets. So lucky for me, is it not, since I must go to work? And so kind, too, of Sophy to interest herself for me!"

"Well, it may be so. But surely I have heard my wife at least has—that you and Richard Westlake were engaged? Excuse me, Mary, I was not aware that the subject was a painful or unpleasant one."

"Richard's father," she replied with some spirit, "has higher views for his son. It is all off between us now," she added, "and perhaps it is for the best that it should be so."

I could have rightly interpreted these words, without the aid of the partially expressed sigh which followed them. The perilous position of so attractive, so inexperienced, so guileless a young creature, amidst the temptations and vanities of New York, so painfully impressed me, that I scarcely uttered another word till the rapidly diminishing rate of the train announced that we neared a station, after which it was probable we should have no further opportunity for private talk.

"These men—those fellows at —— —— where did you meet them?" I inquired.

"About thirty or forty miles below Binghamton, where they entered the car in which I was seated."

Little more passed between us until we reached the metropolis. Sophia Clarke received her cousin at the Grand Central Station, and was profuse of compliments upon her arrival and personal appearance. After receiving a promise from her to call and take tea with my wife and her old playmate on the following Sunday, I handed the two young women into a taxicab in waiting and they drove off. I had not moved away from the spot when a voice a few paces behind me, which I thought I recognized called out: "Quick, or you'll lose sight of them!" As I turned around another cab drove smartly off, which I followed at a run. I found, on reaching Fifth avenue, that I was not mistaken as to the owner of the voice, nor of his purpose. The fellow I had unwigged at R—— thrust his head half out of the cab window, and pointing to the vehicle which contained the two girls, called out to the chauffeur "to mind and make no mistake." The man nodded intelligence, and sent his machine into a faster pace. Nothing that I might do could prevent the fellows from ascertaining Mary Kingsford's place of abode; and as that was all, for the present at least, need be apprehended, I desisted from pursuit and bent my steps homeward.

Mary Kingsford kept her appointment on the Sunday, and, in reply to our questioning, said she liked her situation very well. Mr. and Mrs. Morris were exceedingly kind to her, so was Sophia. "Her cousin," she added, in reply to a look which I could not suppress, "was perhaps a little gay and free of manner, but the best-hearted creature in the world." The two fellows who had followed them had already twice visited the shop, but their attentions appeared now to be directed towards Sophia Clarke, whose vanity they gratified. The names they gave were Hartley and Simpson. So entirely guileless and unsophisticated was the gentle country maiden that I saw she scarcely comprehended the hints and warnings which I threw out. At parting, however, she made me a serious promise that she would instantly apply to me should any difficulty overtake her.

I often called at the confectioner's, and was gratified to find that Mary's modest propriety of behavior, in a somewhat difficult position, had gained her the good will of her employers, who invariably spoke of her with kindness and respect. Nevertheless, the incessant employment and late hours soon began to tell upon her health and spirits. I heard from my wife that she had seen a passage in a letter from Mary's mother

to the effect that the elder Westlake was betraying symptoms of yielding to the angry and passionate expostulations of his only son relative to the enforced breaking off of his engagement with Mary Kingsford. The blush with which she presented the letter was, I was told, very eloquent.

One evening, on passing Morris's shop, I observed Hartley and Simpson there. They were swallowing confectionery, and from their new and costly habiliments seemed to be in surprising good luck. They were smirking and smiling at the cousins with rude confidence; and Sophia, I was grieved to see, repaid their insulting impertinence by her most elaborate smiles and graces. I passed on; and presently meeting with a brother detective, who, it struck me, might know something of the two gentlemen, I turned back with him and pointed them out. A glance sufficed him.

"Hartley and Simpson, you say?" he remarked after we had walked away to some distance. "Those are only two of their numerous aliases. I cannot, however, say that I am as yet on very familiar terms with them; but as I am especially directed to cultivate their acquaintance, there is no doubt we shall be more intimate with each other before long. Gamblers, blacklegs, swindlers, I already know them to be, and I would bet odds that they are something more."

"They appear to be prosperous now," I remarked.

"Yes. They are connected, I suspect, with the gang who cleaned out a guy last week in Catherine street. I'd bet," added my friend, as I turned to leave him, "that one or both of them will wear stripes before many weeks are past. Good-by."

About a fortnight after this conversation I and my wife went to a show, for the gratification of our youngsters. It was the latter end of February, and when we came out of the theater we found the weather had changed to dark and sleety, with a sharp, nipping wind. I had to call at the Central Office. My wife and children consequently proceeded home in a taxi without me. After assisting to quell a slight disturbance originating in a saloon close by, I went on my way over Brooklyn Bridge. The inclement weather had cleared the streets in a surprisingly short time; so that, excepting myself, no foot-passenger was visible on the bridge till I had about half crossed it, when a female figure, closely muffled up about the head, and sobbing bitterly, passed rapidly on the opposite side. I turned and gazed after the retreating figure; it was a youthful, symmetrical one; and, after a few moments' hesitation, I determined to follow at a distance, and as unobservedly as I could. On the woman sped without hesitation till she reached the New York side, where I observed her stop suddenly and toss her arms in the air with a gesture of desperation. I quickened my steps, which she observed, and darted swiftly off again, sobbing as she ran. The slight momentary glimpse I had obtained of her features beneath an arclight suggested a frightful apprehension, and I followed at my utmost speed.

She turned at the first cross-street, and I should soon have overtaken her, but that in darting around the corner where she disappeared I ran full butt against a stout, elderly gentleman, who was hurrying smartly along out of the weather. What with the suddenness of the shock and the slipperiness of the pavement, down we both reeled, and by the time we had regained our feet and growled savagely at each other the young woman had disappeared. Half an hour's eager search after her proved fruitless. At last I bethought me of hiding at one corner of the bridge. I had watched impatiently for about twenty minutes, when I observed the object of my pursuit stealing timidly and furtively towards the bridge on the opposite side of the way. As she came nearly abreast of where I stood I darted forward. She saw me, without recognizing me, and uttering an exclamation of terror, flew down Frankfort street towards the river. I followed with desperate haste, for I saw that it was indeed Mary Kingsford, and loudly called to her by name to stop. She did not appear to hear me, and I lost her, but afterward picked up her trail. The girl had gained the end of a pier. One instant she paused with clasped hands upon the brink, and in another had thrown herself into the river. On reaching the spot where she had disappeared I could not at first see her, in consequence of the dark mourning dress she had on. Presently I caught sight of her, still onborne by her spread clothes, but already carried by the swift current beyond my reach. The only chance was to crawl along a piece of round timber which projected further into the river, and by the end of which she must pass. This I effected with some difficulty, and laying myself at full length, vainly endeavored, with outstretched, straining arms, to grasp her dress.

There was nothing left for it but to plunge in after her. I will confess that I hesitated to do so. I was encumbered with a heavy suit, which there was no time to put off, and, moreover, like most inland men, I was but an indifferent swimmer. My indecision quickly vanished. The wretched girl, though gradually sinking, had not yet uttered a cry, or appeared to struggle; but when the chilling waters reached her lips she seemed to suddenly revive to a consciousness of the horror of her fate; she fought wildly with the engulfing tide, and shrieked piteously for help. Before one could count ten I had grasped her by the arm and lifted her head above the surface of the river. As I did so I felt as if suddenly encased and weighed down by leaden garments, so quickly had my thick clothing and boots sucked in the water. Vainly, thus burdened and impeded, did I endeavor to regain the pier. The strong tide bore us outwards, and I glared around in in-

expressible dismay for some means of extrication from the frightful peril in which I found myself. Happily, right in the direction the tide was drifting us, a large barge lay moored by a chain cable. Eagerly I seized and twined one arm firmly around it, and thus partially secure, hallooed with renewed power for assistance. It soon came. A passerby had witnessed the flight of the girl and my pursuit, and was already hastening with others to our assistance. A boat was unmoored; guided by my voice, they soon reached us, and but a brief interval elapsed before we were safely housed in a hotel on Fulton street.

A change of clothes, with which the landlord kindly supplied me, a blazing fire, and a couple of glasses of hot rum, soon restored warmth and cheer to my chilled and partially-benumbed limbs; but more than two hours elapsed before Mary, who had swallowed a good deal of water, was in a condition to be removed. I had just sent for a taxicab when two policemen, well known to me, entered the room with official briskness. Mary screamed, staggered towards me, and clinging to my arm, besought me with frantic earnestness to save her.

"What is the meaning of this?" I exclaimed, addressing one of the policemen.

"Merely," he said, "that the young woman that's clinging so tightly to you has been committing a robbery——"

"No—no—no!" broke in the terrified girl.

"Oh, of course you'll say so," continued the officer. "All I know is that the diamond brooch was found snugly hid away in her trunk. But come, we have been after you for the last three hours, so you had better come along at once."

"Save me—save me!" sobbed Mary, as she tightened her grasp upon my arm, and looked with beseeching agony in my face.

"Be comforted," I whispered, "you shall go home with me. Calm yourself, Miss Kingsford," I added in a louder tonce. "I no more believe you have stolen a diamond brooch than that I have."

"Thank you," she gasped in the intervals of her convulsive sobs.

"There is some error in this business, I am quite sure,"-I continued, "but at all events I shall bail her—for this night at least."

"Bail her! That is hardly regular."

"Mary Kingsford is in my custody, and I answer for her appearance to-morrow. I'll bring her to the police station with you."

The men hesitated; but I stood too well at headquarters for them to do more than hesitate, and, the taxi I had ordered being just then announced, I passed with Mary out of the room as quickly as I could, for I feared her senses were again leaving. The air revived her somewhat, and I lifted her into the cab, placing myself beside her. She appeared to listen in fearful doubt whether I should be allowed to take her with me, and it was not until the wheels had made a score of revolutions that her fears vanished. At the precinct station I had her remanded to my custody. Throwing herself upon my neck in an ecstasy of gratitude, she burst into a flood of tears, and we reached home. She had, I found, been there about ten o'clock to seek me, and being told that I was gone, had started off to find me.

Mary still slept, or at least had not risen, when I left home the following morning to endeavor to get at the bottom of the strange accusation preferred against her. I first saw the chief, who, after hearing what I had to say, quite approved of all that I had done, and intrusted the case entirely to my care. I next saw Mr. and Mrs. Morris and Sophia Clarke, and then waited upon the prosecutor, a youngish gentleman of the name of Saville, living in Essex street. One or two things I heard necessitated a visit to one or two other officers, incidentally, as I found, mixed up with the affair. By the time all this was done, and an effectual watch had been placed upon Augustus Saville's movements, evening had fallen, and I wended my way homeward, both to obtain a little rest and hear Mary Kingsford's version of the strange story.

The result of my inquiries may be thus briefly summed up: Ten days before Sophia Clarke told her cousin that she had tickets for Madison Square Garden Theater, and as it was not one of their busy nights, she thought they might obtain leave to go. Mary expressed her doubt of this, as both Mr. and Mrs. Morris, who were strict, and somewhat fanatical Dissenters, disapproved of playgoing, especially for young women.

Nevertheless Sophia asked, informed Mary that the required permission had been readily accorded, and off they went in high spirits. Mary had never been to a theater in her life before. When there they were joined by Hartley and Simpson, much to Mary's annoyance and vexation, especially as she saw that her cousin expected them. She had, in fact, accepted the tickets from them. At the conclusion of the show they all four came out together, when suddenly there arose a hustling and confusion, accompanied with loud outcries, and a violent swaying to and fro of the crowd. The disturbance was, however, soon quelled, and Mary and her cousin had reached the outer door, when two policemen seized Hartley and his friend, and insisted upon their going with them. A scuffle ensued; but other officers being at hand, the two men were secured and taken off in the patrol. The cousins, terribly frightened, called a taxi and were very glad to find themselves safe at home again. And now it came out that Mr. and Mrs. Morris had been told that they were going to spend the evening at my house, and had no idea they were going to the play. Vexed as Mary was at the deception, she was too kindly tempered to refuse to keep her cousin's secret, especially knowing as she did that the discovery of the deceit Sophia

had practiced would in all probability be followed by her immediate discharge.

Hartley and his friend swaggered on the following afternoon into the shop, and whispered Sophia that their arrest by the police had arisen from a strange mistake, for which the most ample apologies had been offered and accepted. After this matters went as usual, except that Mary perceived a growing insolence and familiarity in Hartley's manner towards her. His language was frequently quite unintelligible, and once he asked her plainly "if she did not mean that he should go shares in the prize she had lately found?" Upon Mary replying that she did not comprehend him, his look became absolutely ferocious, and he exclaimed: "Oh, that's your game, is it? But don't try it on me, my good girl, I advise you." So violent did he become that Mr. Morris was attracted by the noise, and ultimately bundled him, neck and heels, out of the shop. She had not seen him or his companion since.

On the evening of the previous day a gentleman whom she never remembered to have seen before entered the shop, took a seat and helped himself to a tart. She observed that after a while he looked at her very earnestly, and at length, approaching quite close, said: "You were at the Garden Theatre a week ago last Tuesday evening?" Mary was struck, as she said, all of a heap, for both Mr. and Mrs. Morris were in the shop and heard the question.

"Oh, no, no! You're mistaken," she said hurriedly, and feeling at the same time her cheeks kindle into flame.

"Nay, but you were though," rejoined the gentleman. And then lowering his voice to a whisper he said: "And let me advise you, if you would avoid exposure and punishment, to restore the diamond brooch you robbed me of that evening."

Mary screamed with terror, and a regular scene ensued. She was obliged to confess that she had told a falsehood in denying she was at the theater on the night in question, and Mr. Morris after that seemed inclined to believe anything of her. The gentleman persisted in his charge, but at the same time vehemently iterating his assurance that all he wanted was his property, and it was ultimately decided that Mary's trunk, as well as her person, should be searched. This was done, and to her utter consternation the brooch was found concealed, they said, in a black handbag. Denials were vain. Mr. Saville identified the brooch, but once more offered to be content with its restoration. This Mr. Morris, a just, stern man, would not consent to, and he went out to summon a police officer. Before he returned, Mary, by the advice of both her cousin and Mrs. Morris, had fled the house and hurried in a state of distraction to find me.

"It is a wretched business," I observed to my wife as soon as Mary Kingsford had retired to rest, at about nine o'clock in the evening. "Like you, I have no doubt of the poor girl's perfect innocence; but how to establish it by satisfactory evidence is another matter. I must take her to Mulberry street the day after to-morrow."

"How dreadful! Can nothing be done? What does the man say his brooch is worth?"

"His uncle," he says, "gave six hundred dollars for it. But that signifies little; compromise is, you know, out of the question."

"I did not mean that. Can you show it me? I am a pretty good judge of the value of jewels."

"Yes, you can see it." I took it out of the desk in which I had locked it up and placed it before her. It was a splendid emerald, encircled by large brilliants.

My wife twisted and turned it about, holding it in all sorts of lights, and at last said:

"I do not believe that either the emerald or the brilliants are real—that the brooch is, in fact, worth two dollars."

"You don't say so?" I exclaimed, as I jumped up from my chair, for my wife's words gave color and consistence to a dim and faint suspicion which had crossed my mind. "Then this Saville is a manifest liar, and perhaps confederate with—— But give me my hat; I will ascertain this point at once."

I hurried to a jeweler's shop, and found that my wife's opinion was correct; apart from the workmanship, which was very fine, the brooch was valueless. Conjectures, suspicions, hopes, fears, chased each other with bewildering rapidity through my brain; and in order to collect and arrange my thoughts I stepped out of the whirl of the streets into Daly's Chop House and decided upon my plan of operations.

The next morning there appeared at the top of the *Times* an earnest appeal to the individual who had lost or been robbed of a false stone and brilliants at the theater to communicate with a certain person, whose address I gave.

I was at the address I had given by nine o'clock. Several hours passed without bringing any one, and I was beginning to despair, when a gentleman of the name of Bagshaw was announced. I fairly leaped for joy, for this was beyond my hopes.

A gentleman presently entered, of about thirty years of age, of a distinguished though somewhat dissipated aspect.

"This brooch is yours?" said I, exhibiting it without delay.

"It is; and I am here to know what your singular advertisement means?"

I briefly explained the situation of affairs.

"The crooks!" he broke in almost before I had finished. "I will briefly explain it all. A fellow of the name of Hartley—at least that was the name he gave—robbed me of this brooch. I pointed him out to the police, and he was taken into custody, but nothing being found upon him, he was discharged."

"Not entirely, Mr. Bagshaw, on that account. You refused at the station house to state what you had been robbed of; and, moreover, said, in presence of the culprit, that you were to embark with your regiment for Europe the next day. That regiment, I have ascertained, did embark, as you said it would."

"True, but I have leave of absence. The truth is that during the walk to the station house I had leisure to reflect that if I made a formal charge it would lead to awkward disclosures. This brooch is an imitation of one presented me by a relative. Losses at play—for this unfortunate young woman's sake I must out with it—obliged me to part with the original, and I kept this in order to conceal the fact from my relative's knowledge."

"This will, sir," I replied, "prove, with a little management, quite sufficient for all purposes. You have no objection to accompany me to Headquarters?"

"Not in the least; only I wish the devil had the brooch as well as the fellow that stole it."

About half-past five o'clock on the same evening the street door was quietly opened by the landlord of the house in which Mr. Saville lodged, and I walked into the front room on the first floor, where I found the gentleman I sought languidly reclining on a sofa. He gathered himself up at my appearance, and looked keenly in my face. He did not appear to like what he read there.

"I did not expect to see you to-day," he said at last.

"No, perhaps not; but I have news for you. Mr. Bagshaw, the owner of the $600 brooch your deceased uncle gave you, did not sail for Europe, and——"

The wretched cur, before I could conclude, was on his knees, begging for mercy with disgusting abjectness. I could have spurned the scoundrel where he crawled.

"Come, sir!" I cried. "Let us have no sniveling or humbug; mercy is not in my power, as you ought to know. Strive to deserve it. We want Hartley and Simpson, and cannot find them; you must aid us."

"Oh, yes, to be sure I will!" eagerly rejoined the rascal. "I will go for them at once," he added with a kind of hesitating assurance.

"Send for them, you mean. Do so, and I will await their arrival."

His note was dispatched by a sure hand, and meanwhile I arranged the details of the expected meeting. I and a friend, whom I momentarily expected, would ensconce ourselves behind a large screen in the room, while Augustus Saville would run playfully over the charming plot with his two friends, so that we might be able to fully appreciate its merits. Mr. Saville agreed. I rang the bell, an officer appeared, and we took our posts in readiness. We had scarcely done so when the street-bell rang, and Saville announced the arrival of his confederates. There was a twinkle in the fellow's green eyes which I thought I understood. "Do not try that on us," I quietly remarked. "We are but two here, certainly, but there are half a dozen in waiting below."

No more was said, and in another minute the friends met. It was a boisterously jolly meeting, as far as shaking hands and mutual felicitations on each other's good looks and health went. Saville was, I thought, the most obstreperously gay of all the three.

"And yet, now I look at you, Saville, closely," said Hartley, "you don't look quite the thing. Have you seen a ghost?"

"No; but this cursed brooch affair worries me."

"Humbug! It's all right. We are all embarked in the same boat. It's a regular three-handed game. I swiped it; Simmy here slipped it into pretty Mary's handbag, which she, I suppose, never looked into till the row came, and you claimed it—a regular merry-go-round, ain't it, eh?"

"Quite so, Mr. Hartley," said I, suddenly facing him and at the same time stamping on the floor; "as you say, a delightful merry-go-round, and here you perceive," I added, as the officers crowded into the room, "are more gentlemen to join in it."

Curses, imprecations, blasphemies for a brief space resounded through the apartment. The rascals were safely locked up a quarter of an hour afterwards; and before a month had passed away, all three were sentenced to prison. It is scarcely necessary to remark that they believed the brooch to be genuine and of great value.

Mary Kingsford did not need to return to her employ. Westlake the elder withdrew his veto upon his son's choice, and the wedding was celebrated in the following May with great rejoicing, Mary's old playmate officiating as bridesmaid, and I as bride's father. The still young couple have now a rather numerous family, and a home blessed with peace and comfort.

OUR NATIONAL PARKS

THERE is in the entire country twenty national parks—Yellowstone, Hot Springs, Ark., National Zoo Park, Washington, D. C.; Chicamauga and Chattanooga, Georgia and Tennessee; Antietam, Maryland; Rock Creek, District of Columbia; Sequoia, California; General Grant, California; Yosemite, California; Shiloh, Tennessee; Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; Vicksburg, Mississippi; Mount Rainier, Washington; Crater Lake, Oregon; Platt, Oklahoma; Wind Cave, South Dakota; Sully's Hill, North Dakota; Mesa Verde, Colorado; Glacier, Montana. The Yellowstone, in Montana and Wyoming, has an area of 2,142,720 acres.

The Forged Checks

By AN EX-DETECTIVE

I HAD been about three years in the detective line, and I was thought to be a pretty keen hand in special cases. I was often called "The Swell D.," because, somehow, it happened that I was always picked for special duty when there was anything on foot in which real swells—lords and ladies, and such like, you know—were concerned.

One day I was put on a case of forgery and robbery. I was sent off to a fine house in the south of London, and I was cautioned to be very careful in my behavior. The chief told me it was a serious but a delicate business, and the gentleman I was to serve didn't wish to have the matter noised abroad. Of course I took the hint and went.

The chief had told me I should put on my best appearance, and I did so before I went up to the door of the house. When the servant opened the door I asked if Mr. Anstey was at home, and when she told me he was—though I knew it all the time—I told her to say Mr. Crinly wished to see him on special business.

A few minutes later I was in the presence of Mr. Anstey in one of the most sumptuously furnished sitting-rooms I have ever been in, I think.

"I have been expecting you, Mr. Crinly. The superintendent told me he would send you. Did he give you any particulars of the case?"

"He told me only that it was a case of forgery and robbery and said you would give me all particulars," I answered.

"Very well; be seated. I must detain you a few minutes. I find it necessary, unfortunately, to tell you of a very painful occurrence in my family, that you may the more closely see how I am placed."

I took a chair as directed. Mr. Anstey sat down also, and in a direct, business-like way gave me the information I needed.

"In the first place," he said, "you must know the nature of the offense I want to punish. My signature has been forged to two checks—one for eight hundred pounds, and the other for fifteen hundred. These sums were paid by my bankers, so that the forger has robbed me of two thousand three hundred pounds. The forgery of my signature is the more serious offense, and it is principally for the detection and capture of the forger that I want your assistance."

I bowed slightly to intimate that I was ready to serve. I did not say anything, because I could see that Mr. Anstey had only begun the story that was to enlighten me.

"I have reason to fear the checks were drawn and signed by my son. I do not know any one who could imitate my signature so perfectly. It is remarkable that he has always written his name exactly as I do, even in the minutest curve and stroke. He has often signed my checks in business transactions. But if I suppose he is the offender, I must find a reason for the offense—and, unfortunately, that is too easily done. For several years past I have strongly disapproved his course of life. He offended me deeply by his dissipation and the ruinous vices in which he indulged. But I found that entreaty and upbraiding were equally powerless to cause him to make any amendment in his ways, and to live in a manner more becoming the social station he should fill. Some two months ago proceedings of a disgraceful character came to my knowledge. I spoke plainly in my indignation, and he replied insolently and defiantly. I then cast him off, to be no longer regarded as my son. He used language I need not repeat. He then left the house, and I have not seen him since. I forbade the inmates of my house to hold any intercourse with him, and I believe they have observed my command. Under these circumstances I knew he must be suffering want, because he is idle, thriftless and has formed expensive habits. Either want of money or a spirit of revenge might prompt him to forge my name, as has been done, in order to procure money to waste in debauchery."

"Yes, sir, you have described a likely motive for the crime. But if your son is reduced to want, I suppose he has not an independent banking account. If he has not, it is necessary to ask how he came to have checks to fill for any amount, great or small," I said.

"That is the most perplexing part of the painful business. He has no account at my bank. The checks were drawn on my bankers, and I find the forms were taken from my own check-book," said Mr. Anstey, now looking even more pained and puzzled than before.

"But that brings the matter to a point at once. Who could take a form from the book beside yourself?"

"My niece often has my check-book in her possession. She is in reality my housekeeper, as her keen business qualities fit her well for the control of the place. I allow her to fill checks to pay tradesmen, but I sign every one myself. Of course the paper would be useless without my signature."

"Have you seen the forged checks?"

"Yes."

"Do you think they were filled by your niece?"

"Certainly not. They are filled just as I would fill them—the writing and the figures being as like mine as the signature. That is another rea-

son why I believe they were made out by my son."

"I wonder you have not had your son arrested."

"I will do so eventually if he can be found; but I would not take extreme steps, and bring disgrace on my name until I had tried every means to bring the offense fully home to him, and confronted him with his crime. Then if my son is really the offender, he has an accomplice."

"You are satisfied that he has not been in the house?"

"Absolutely sure of that. And if he had got in by any means, he could not have touched the check-book without forcing the safe."

"Well, I can only conclude that the lady who uses your check-book must have torn out the two forms and given them to your son to fill as he pleases. Have you questioned her?"

"No. I have not known of the fraud more than three hours and I shrank from suspecting one who is almost as a daughter to me of such a crime. What would you advise me to do in your capacity as a detective?"

"A moment, sir. I must ask whether there are other members of your family?"

"One other—Miss Lake. She is not related to me. She is the orphan daughter of an old friend, and has been brought up as my daughter since her childhood. But such a crime as this is impossible to Lily."

"Has she any access to your check-book?"

"No; she never either filled or cashed a check in her life."

After a few moments of silence, during which I rapidly took into account the different bits of intelligence I had received, I spoke up again.

"Well, sir, I have my own opinion of this case, but it is too soon to make it known yet. You asked me what I would advise. I think you should mention the matter to the young ladies—or I must do so. It will be far better for our purpose if you do it. Have them together. Say you have missed the checks from the book, and find no note of having filled such checks. You will be annoyed, and ask the young lady, who sometimes uses the book, whether she can give any explanation. That will be enough for the present. I would not say large sums of money have been drawn for the missing checks. You will watch them closely, as faces often tell tales without words. Indeed, I would like to see them myself, if I could," I said.

"So you may. I will act on your advice this minute. Come with me," he said, now appearing suddenly active and resolute.

I followed him from the sitting-room to the library. There he pointed to a large screen of more than a man's height, behind which I might stand. I found that I could view the whole of the room through one of the slits in the screen, while no one in the room could catch a glimpse of me, and I was satisfied with the arrangement.

Soon as I was concealed he touched a bell, to which the waiting-maid promptly responded.

"Tell Miss Lake and Miss Vincent I wish to see them here," he said and the girl immediately disappeared.

Very soon the two young ladies entered the room.

"Ruth," he said, looking grave and troubled, as he really was, "I want to speak to you on a matter that has given me a great deal of uneasiness, and I have asked you to come, Lily, thinking that you may, perhaps, be able to serve me. The clerk from the bank came here this morning to tell me they had cashed two checks for me in the last three days, and they had reason to doubt whether they were made out by me. I have seen the checks. They were taken out of my book, and my signature is imitated with wonderful closeness; but I never filled or signed the checks. I do not complain because of the money of which I am deprived—that is nothing. But my signature has been forged, and that is very serious. You have use of the check-book, Ruth. Can you conceive any way in which the forger could obtain two of my checks?"

"Two of your checks, uncle! You frighten me. I know you cannot think I am the forger; but you speak so dreadfully," said Ruth, shocked and startled.

"No, I certainly cannot think you a forger, Ruth. But the matter is of the greatest consequence to me, and I may speak more sternly than usual. You make use of the check-book nearly as often as I do. I never pass it into any hands but yours, and I thought you might know something of the way in which two check-forms have disappeared," said Mr. Anstey, very gravely, but not harshly.

"I do not, uncle. You sign all the checks I pay, and I am sure I do not let the book lie loosely about while it is in my possession," she said, one white hand clenched nervously, and the other extended as if to give force to her assertion.

"And you know nothing, Lily?" Mr. Anstey said, turning to the adopted girl, who stood back as if in terror, with her hand resting on the top of a chair.

"No, sir—nothing. But it is very dreadful."

"It is very serious, my dear. The money I have lost is nothing. But it is terrible to think what mischief may be done when a skilled forger is able to use my own checkbook and cash his forgeries at my banker's. Do not wonder that I am agitated. You may leave me now."

The girls did not wait for a second bidding. Ruth went out of the room erect and proud as if she resent an injury, while the more timid and gentle Lily looked pained and pitying as she glanced at the man she was leaving.

When they had gone I came from my place of concealment.

"Well, what do you think now? I have spoken to the girls as you have desired, and you have

seen them and heard them. Are you more enlightened?"

"A little, sir," I replied. "But there is more to follow your interview. There will be words between the ladies as soon as they find themselves alone. I speak from my professional experience, sir, when I say a clue to the whole mystery may be gained from their conversation during the next half hour. Do you know where they have gone? Can you put me where I can hear them without seeing or being seen?"

"I have gone so far in following your advice, I will go further—as far as a gentleman can go with propriety. The young ladies have gone to their dressing-room, I suppose, to prepare for dinner. You may enter a small closet, or box-room, nearly opposite their door, if you can reach it without being seen or heard. I am not sure you will hear their talk there, but that is all I can do. There, Ruth has closed the dressing-room door angrily," he concluded, as the sound of the door closing violently on the upper floor reached our ears.

"How shall I find the box-room?" I asked. "I will make the venture, and it is better to do it at once."

"I will show you," he said, and, stepping out of the library, he ascended one flight of stairs, I following.

At the top of the stairs a long passage extended to the left. Through that we passed, our steps making no sound on the thick pile of carpet with which it was covered. Near the end of the passage were more stairs, broad and richly carpeted, at the foot of which Mr. Anstey stopped.

"The second door on the left is the box-room," he whispered, pointing upward. "Be careful. I shall be near until I see you again."

I understood the significance of the last words, and began to ascend the stairs without making any reply. Treading as lightly as I could I reached the box-room without making a sound. I opened the door noiselessly, and entered the dark recess. While drawing the door so as to close myself in, my back touched something light. It fell, and made a noise on the boards as if it were a hat box.

Slight as the noise was, it affected my over-strained nerves more than the rattle of a drum could jar them at another time. It lasted but a moment, yet it appeared to have been heard in the opposite room, for Miss Lake opened the door, looked out, and then went back into the room, leaving the door unclosed.

"I am not surprised that you fancy noises when there are none, Lily," I distinctly heard Miss Vincent say.

"You are very unkind, Ruth," said Lily, in a pained and tearful voice. "I couldn't help pa's speaking to you as he did. I think you must see it was reasonable he should ask you about the checks, as you often use the checkbook."

"I think it would be more reasonable if he should ask some one else," retorted Ruth.

"Who else could he ask?" questioned Lily.

"You!" exclaimed Ruth, viciously.

"Me! How can you say that, Ruth? But pa did ask me, though he must know I never used a checkbook in my life," said Lily.

"Not as such books are meant to be used, I am sure. But I am just as sure you meddled with uncle's checkbook, and took those blank checks out of it," said Ruth.

I had opened the door of the box-room slightly, a few minutes before, when Ruth had exclaimed "You!" I was now able to see into the dressing-room, where the girls stood nearly opposite their half-open door. When Ruth was accusing Lily she bent forward slightly, and gave force to her charge by the motion of her right hand, with its forefinger extended, while her left was clenched passionately.

"Oh, do not say such dreadful things!" cried Lily, shrinking, and extending her arm as if to ward off a threatened blow. "You are mad, and I will tell Mr. Anstey of this."

"There are other things Mr. Anstey must know, Lily. You have met George and spoken with him on several occasions during the last three weeks. I know it. And if you gave George checks taken from Mr. Anstey's books, it is easy to account for the wonderful resemblance in the signature."

When these words were spoken Lily uttered a faint shriek, and sank down upon a settee. At the same moment Ruth stepped forward and securely closed the door to prevent Lily's cry from being heard in other parts of the house.

Only smothered sounds of hysterical weeping reached my ears after the door had been closed. I had, however, got a clue. I could not hope for more then and there, so I left the box-room as noiselessly as I had entered it, and was joined by Mr. Anstey as soon as I reached the bottom of the stairs. He preceded me silently along the passage and into the sitting-room, where I had first seen him.

"Well, have you learned anything?" he asked.

"I have found a clue, sir—no more—something on which my mind must work before I can present it to you. I can only say now that the movements of both the young ladies deserve the closest attention during the next few days. I can do nothing more in the house, sir, at present. I presume I may call whenever I think it necessary?"

"Certainly. Call frequently if it will enable you to shorten the period of my anxiety," he said.

I went away pretty well satisfied with the result of my visit.

The charge made against Lily was certainly very direct and circumstantial. The fact that she had disregarded Mr. Anstey's express command in speaking to his cast-off son on several occasions told strongly against her. But her appearance had made an impression on my mind which tended to nullify the effect of the accusation. Almost as soon as I saw her I had decided that

she was not adapted for partnership in stratagems and crimes. She appeared to be so simple, so gentle and good, that it was hard to associate her with wrong-doing. Yet had I not known some who were apparently little less than angelic prove false to their appearance when subjected to the searching test of criminal inquiry.

Ruth Vincent was bolder, more assertive, and, to my thinking, more fitted to engage in dealings which the law would condemn. Might she not have a purpose in thus trying to fix the abstraction of the check forms on her companion? Might she not be doing it in self-defense? Might not love and rivalry for the favor of the man who was some day to become the possessor of Mr. Anstey's great wealth have prompted her to both actions, and was she not the person most likely to yield to such promptings? These and similar conjectures filled my mind. But conjecture would not serve my purpose. I wanted proof, and that I knew could only be obtained by watching the movements of both young ladies closely as long as might be necessary.

That evening I made inquiries about the several members of the family in different quarters. I picked up a little information in the way of gossip, but I did not learn anything of practical use in the prosecution of the business I had in hand.

When I began my duties as spy next morning, I was accompanied by a plain-clothes constable, who was to act in subordination to me in any way I might think it necessary to direct.

About twelve o'clock Miss Lake came from the house in walking costume. I told my aid she was one of the persons we should try to keep under close watch, and together we followed her for a considerable distance.

She turned along a road which led toward the Crystal Palace, and I thought it was her intention to extend her walk to that famous place of entertainment and recreation.

When Miss Lake had proceeded little more than a mile from Mr. Anstey's house she was met by a young gentleman at a point where roads crossed. The stranger advanced toward her, raised his hat in salute, then turned and walked on beside her.

I knew the conversation in which they were engaged was of an earnest character, by the way in which the gentleman stooped to catch every word. I and my aid quickened our pace considerably. I wished to overtake them, that I might obtain a full view of the gentleman, who, I felt assured, must be the profligate son of Mr. Anstey.

Before we fully came up with the parties in whom I was so much interested, the man stopped suddenly and looked questioningly into Miss Lake's face. That face looked exceedingly pained and troubled.

"I shall not get you into more trouble. Good-morning," the gentleman said, as we passed them.

He raised his hat as he spoke, and I saw he was rather a fine-looking young fellow, except that his beauty was marred by the traces of fast living, which a practiced eye readily detects. As he raised his hat, I noticed that his hair was brown and curly. His mustache was brown, of a lighter shade, but the side whiskers which Mr. Anstey had described his son as wearing were absent. The face was not exactly like that in the portrait I had seen, but the general resemblance was sufficient, and I knew I had been correct in my first surmise.

"Now, Potts, you must watch that gentleman all day. Note every place he goes to, and the company he mixes with. Above all, find out where he is staying. We may want him before many days are over, and we must know where we can lay our hands on him when he is wanted."

Such were the directions I gave my assistant when we had gone on a few paces. He heard me as a well-trained man should do without turning his head in the least. He simply said "Right," and continued to walk on while I turned into another road by which I might return to Mr. Anstey's house without repassing either Miss Lake or her late companion.

When I sent in my card Mr. Anstey directed that I should be shown into the sitting-room, where he soon joined me.

"Good-morning. On business, I suppose?" he said, as he entered.

"Yes, sir. Will you show me the portrait of your son again?" I asked.

Without speaking he went to the cabinet to which the picture had been consigned since the son's disgrace, and drawing it out placed it in my hands.

"Yes; the same, only that the face is shaven, with the exception of the lip," I remarked, when I had looked over the portrait, comparing it with the face I had seen only a few minutes before.

"What! Have you seen him?" Mr. Anstey said.

"Yes," I replied. "I saw him walking with Miss Lake in Sydenham road within the half hour."

"With Lily!" he exclaimed, in a suppressed voice, and starting back as if he had received a piece of intelligence which he found it almost impossible to believe.

"Yes. They were together only a few minutes."

"Lily!" he almost gasped. "I could not have believed it if another had told me of this. I can hardly realize it now. Is this, then, the way in which the checks were passed into his hands?"

Mr. Anstey spoke as if he were in communion with his own painful thoughts more than addressing me.

"The circumstance is very suggestive, sir; but I do not think that it actually proves that Miss Lake gave your son the checks. I would advise you to speak to the young lady when she comes in. You need not say how you learned of the meeting. I would advise you to speak to her alone, although I should like to be an unknown witness," I said.

"Yes. You see I allow you to do as you please in this matter. I have placed the case absolutely

in your hands. The library and the screen will do once more," he said.

I could not suggest any better arrangement. We went to the library together, and when Miss Lake returned to the house a few minutes later, she was bidden to attend Mr. Anstey in that room.

"You want to see me, pa?" she said, entering when she had divested herself of her hat only.

"I do, Lily. I am more deeply hurt than you can imagine by some of your conduct. I want to know where you have been, and whom you have spoken with, during the last hour?"

There was unmistakable sternness in Mr. Anstey's voice, and it affected the timid Lily as painfully as a blow could affect her.

"During the last hour, sir!" she repeated, as if in fear.

"Yes, Lily, during the last hour. Answer the question, miss."

"I met and spoke to George, pa," she replied, faintly.

"And why did you dare to go in opposition to my commands? Why do you hold intercourse with that worthless fellow when I have so strongly forbidden it?" he demanded, almost savagely.

"Oh, do not be so dreadfully angry with me," she pleaded, while she shrank back in terror. "George spoke to me some time ago. He appeared to be suffering the deepest want—he said he was—and I gave him what money I had in my purse. I could not do less. He met me again this morning—less than an hour ago. He does not look poor now. I told him of the forgery you spoke about yesterday. He appeared annoyed, and he left me after only a few words. That is all the harm I have done, sir."

"All! We shall find whether this is true. Did he say how he had so much improved his appearance?"

"No, sir. And though I was pleased to notice it, I did not mention it," replied Lily.

"You did not think it necessary, perhaps. Your conduct has pained me deeply, Lily. I shall explain further at another time, but leave me now."

The young lady looked as if she would implore for the further explanation on the instant, but a glance into the stern, angry face before her overcame the impulse, and she went away dejectedly.

I had noted every word and every gesture during the foregoing scene, and I still felt that the complicity of Miss Lake in the crime I had to investigate was far from proven. I expressed that opinion to Mr. Anstey, and requested him to defer further proceedings in the matter until he had heard from me.

It was past four o'clock in the afternoon when I met my subordinate—the man I had told to watch Miss Lake's companion, who was then unknown to me. Facts I had learned in the meantime had made me look for his report with great eagerness.

That report, however, was exceedingly simple.

After leaving Miss Lake the gentleman so far quickened his pace that my assistant found it necessary to make an effort in order to keep him in view. He followed about three miles, when they came to a part of the road in which the signs of town neighborhood were wholly undeniable. The road became a street, and the private dwellings were not much more numerous than the shops, in which trade was carried on for the convenience or benefit of the public. There the gentleman entered a large corner tavern that was dignified with the title of "hotel." He went into the "private room," where, in addition to the refreshment he needed, the waiter brought him note paper and an envelope, on which he at once began to write. When his task was completed, the letter sealed and stamped, he gave it to the waiter, with a request that he would post it as soon as possible. My assistant went into the bar almost immediately, and saw that letter thrust into a letter-rack. As clearly as he could read it, it was addressed to a lady bearing the same name as Mr. Anstey's niece, and certainly living in Mr. Anstey's house.

That was most important intelligence for me. I thought it necessary to act on the knowledge I had gained without the least delay, and I therefore called on Mr. Anstey again during the same evening. I told him of the letter addressed to his niece, which would be delivered with the first post on the following morning. It was not necessary to insist on the importance of his obtaining a view of the letter before continuing his upbraiding of Lily. He resolved to surprise Ruth in the act of reading the epistle, and thus try to obtain possession of it, or be told its contents.

He carried that intention into effect next morning, and he subsequently told me what had transpired.

"I hope your correspondence is pleasanter than mine, Ruth," he said, suddenly entering the room in which she stood reading the letter.

Ruth started violently, and dropped the hand which held the open letter down by her side. At the same moment she turned her bold, beautiful face to Mr. Anstey, and looked the defiance which Mr. Anstey had not done anything to provoke. This, however, was her demeanor for a second only.

"Nothing of any consequence, sir," she said, tossing the letter on the table with seeming carelessness, and resting her hand near the spot where the missive lay. "Only some of the confidences that girls so often have, and a request that I would make a call this morning. I would go, if you think you can spare me for a couple of hours before dinner, uncle?"

"I shall not ask to share your confidences just now, Ruth. Of course you may spend the morning as you please. I shall find serious business to occupy me," Mr. Anstey said, turning around and leaving the room.

Ruth looked somewhat confused and consider-

ably alarmed as Mr. Anstey retired. His manner was strange and wholly wanting in customary geniality and fatherly politeness. But as soon as he disappeared she clutched the letter and thrust it in her pocket. After a few minutes, during which she appeared to be harassed by troublesome thoughts, she, too, left the room to prepare for making the letter's solicited morning call.

I did not call at Mr. Anstey's house that morning, though I and my aid were in the neighborhood at an unusually early hour. We kept close watch on the premises from a point at which our presence was not likely to provoke comment or excite suspicion. I felt assured the letter I knew to have been delivered there that morning would contribute in some way to the solution of the problem on which I was engaged, and I had too much experience in my business to endanger a success by want of proper precaution.

I saw Mr. Anstey's niece come from the house and walk along the road toward the point where we stood.

"This is our bird," I said to my companion. "We must let her pass and then follow wherever she may go. I think she will lead us to nearly the end of this job."

My directions were followed in every particular. It would be only tedious to describe every step of a journey that untimately led us into one of the ever-interestng galleries of the British Museum.

I soon found that to be the appointed rendezvous, for George Anstey, Jr., came forward to meet the lady as soon as she had entered the place.

It was of greatest importance that I should learn what passed between this pair, and the more to insure that, I at once severed the partnership between myself and subordinate. I rapidly gave him a few directions. He was to learn all he could, but he must conduct himself toward me as if I were an absolute stranger. We might be side by side or shoulder to shoulder, but no look or sign of recogniton should pass between us.

In a few minutes I had learned all I expected. Almost the first words of the lady were to reproach Mr. Anstey for having deceived her in the matter of the checks.

"You must have made them too heavy," she said. "The bank clerk told uncle of the two checks, and he questioned me. But I have not heard the amount. He seemed to think little of that. What was the sum?"

"Father knows to a penny, since his attention has been drawn to the matter," replied George. "I thought it would have passed, though it was about three thousand."

"Three thousand!" she repeated, in a very low voice.

"Yes—more or less. I thought I might as well turn your kindness to some account. I wish now I had tried for ten. The old man will have no mercy. I must make myself scarce for a time, though all the money will be certainly mine some day."

"And I must continue to deny that I took the blank check from the book. Lily is already suspected," said Ruth.

"That is too bad. Poor Lily is kind as an angel!" said George.

"You can sound her praises loudly enough, but there is little praise for the woman who has endangered herself to serve you," said Ruth, bitterly.

"There is a good time coming, Ruth; but I know I must not wait for it in open day. I must live very quitely for some time."

I heard all the foregoing conversation while standing at one side of a large case of curiosities, the speakers having come to a halt at the opposite side. When I heard Mr. Anstey say he must live very quietly for some time my mind recorded the statement with emphatic force. I certainly should do my duty in contributing to the verification of those words.

It is not necessary to expend many words on all that followed. I wished to communicate with the gentleman who had been robbed before taking the next step; but I feared to do so lest I might be indirectly conniving at the escape of an offender thereby. I felt myself bound to make an immediate arrest. When Mr. Anstey and the lady parted, therefore, I directed my assistant to follow her home, which he did. I saw Mr. Anstey enter a well-known restaurant, and immediately secured the assistance of a police sergeant and two constables.

Entering the restaurant, I walked up to the table at which George sat, and quietly informed him of my business. I also intimated that any attempt at escape would be fruitless, as there were others on the business. He believed me, and seeing the uselessness of creating a scene, went with me, knowing that constables were following closely at our heels every foot of the way we walked.

When the forger was securely lodged in a cell I hastened to Mr. Anstey's, Sr., to report what had been done.

"What! Ruth his accomplice!" he exclaimed, starting in apparent consternation when I repeated the words I heard in the museum.

"Yes, sir, on her own admission," I replied.

"Then she shall share his punishment!" he cried, vehemently. "I will not spare my son, and why should I spare this girl?"

The old man kept his word. The son was subsequently tried for forgery and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude, while handsome Ruth was held as accessory in a minor degree, and was thought to be sufficiently punished with two years' imprisonment.

The Meaning of Dreams

SHOOTING.—To dream you are out shooting is very favorable if you kill much game; to the lover, it shows a mistress kind and good-humored, who will make an excellent and notable wife; to the tradesman and farmer, success and riches; to the sailor, wealth acquired in a distant country; but if you dream you kill little or no game, then it presages bad luck and disappointment in love. To dream you are shooting with a bow and arrows is a very favorable dream, particularly to lovers and tradesmen.

SILK.—To dream you see silk, either in pieces or for sewing, signifies prosperity and success in undertakings; to the lover it denotes a sweetheart of an industrious disposition, good tempered and very faithful; in trade, it foretells increase of business by means of women. To dream you are clothed in silk foretells that you will rise to honors in the state and become rich, but that you will quarrel with a rich neighbor, who will endeavor to do you mischief. For a married woman to dream of being dressed in a silk gown, shows her husband is fond of a harlot, who will go near to ruin him. If a maiden dreams of it she will speedily see her lover.

SILVER.—To dream of this valuable metal shows that false friends are about you and will attempt your ruin; in love it denotes falsehood in your sweetheart. To dream you are receiving or picking up pieces of silver money, if they are small as sixpences, denotes want and a prison; if they are shillings, they indicate the receipt of a small sum of money, and the acquisition of some new friends; but if they are half-crowns or crown-pieces, then they denote misery, a prison and bad success in your undertakings, disappointment in your love, and loss of law-suit, attacks from thieves, and bankruptcy in trade. If a woman with a child dreams of silver, it shows she will have a girl and a good time, but the child will grow poor.

SINGING.—To dream you are singing shows that you will bear shortly some very melancholy news; to the lover, it denotes your sweetheart to be bad tempered, and of an unfaithful disposition; to the tradesman, it denotes losses by sharpers; to the farmer, loss by a hay rick taking fire; to the sailor, storms and shipwreck. To dream you only hear singing and merry-making, shows that you will have some agreeable news from a person long absent; if you are in a prison, it foretells you will speedily gain your freedom.

SMALL-POX.—To dream that you or your children have the small-pox shows that you will accumulate great riches by dirty and disgraceful means, and that you will hear from a long-absent friend, who is in confinement; to the lover, it denotes marriage.

SNAKES.—To dream of sea snakes or serpents shows that you will be imprisoned and encounter many dangers; if you are in love, your sweetheart will be false. To dream you kill a snake, shows you will overcome difficulties and enemies, and be successful in love, trade or farming, but unsuccessful at sea.

SNOW.—To dream you see the ground covered with snow, or that it is snowing, is a very favorable dream; to a young man, it shows he will shortly marry a virgin, who is very fond of him, and that he will have children by her, chiefly girls; to a young woman, it foretells she will marry a rich man, that he will have children by her, who will become very affluent and rise to honors in the state; to the farmer, it shows plentiful crops and increase of live stock; to the tradesman, it argues great increase of business; to the sailor, a pleasant and very lucrative voyage, and a rich sweetheart in a foreign port.

SOLDIERS.—To see soldiers in your dreams shows troubles, persecutions and law-suits; to the lover, they denote that the object of your affections will be obliged to quit their present place of residence by command of a father on your account; to the tradesman, they presage loss of goods and quarrels with creditors. To dream they are pursuing you, shows that you will be imprisoned, and meet with heavy losses, and be much disliked by your rich neighbors. This is one of those dreams after which I would advise the party dreaming to change their quarters.

SPIT.—To dream you are in a kitchen turning a spit is the forerunner of troubles and misfortunes; expect to be robbed, to lose your trade, to become very poor, and that your friends will desert you; if you are in love, it shows the object of your affections to be of a bad temper, lazy, and doomed to poverty and misfortune.

SQUIRREL.—To dream of a squirrel shows that enemies are endeavoring to slander your reputation; to the lover, it shows your sweetheart is of a bad temper, and much given to drinking; if you have a law-suit, it surely will be decided against you; if you are in trade, sharpers will endeavor to defraud you, and you will quarrel with your principal creditor.

TEETH.—To dream you lose a tooth denotes the loss of some friend by death and that troubles and misfortune are about to attend you; to the lover, it shows the loss of your sweetheart's affection.

(To be continued)

Current News

GOLD NUGGETS IN GIZZARD

While cleaning the gizzard of a chicken, Mrs. A. D. Hicks, wife of a capitalist of Hoquiam, Wash., the other day found two small gold nuggets, the larger about the size of a pea and a small stone, which was pronounced by local jewelers to be a torquoise. The chicken was hatched and raised in the pens of F. L. Morgan, an attorney, whose residence is at the foot of the range of hills at the west of the city. It is presumed the gold was scratched out of the ground by the chicken.

TWO EXTRA TOES

A son born to a Divinity Street couple in Bristol, Conn., a few months ago is being taken to Hartford twice a week at present in preparation for the operation to be performed for the removal of two toes on his left foot. When the baby was born the doctor discovered that instead of the regulation five toes on the foot there were two extra ones, and now the parents have decided to have the extra ones taken off. The child is normal in all other respects, with the exception that the bone in the ankle which supports the leg is weak; and the little boy is unable to stand on that leg.

SOOT AS A DISINFECTANT

It has been found that soot acts as a disinfectant and is more active moist than dry. Water seems to dissolve the disinfecting agents in the soot, making them more active. Carbon floating in the air seldom, if ever, carries bacteria unless it has lodged on the ground and is again blown into the air.

Now soot acts as a very effective blanket, protecting the bacteria and giving them a chance to grow. Diseases of the nose and throat are not appreciably more prevalent in smoky cities, but they are more severe and harder to secure. This is probably due as much to the cracking of the mucous membrance by the change from the dry atmosphere in the houses to the moist air outside and subsequent irritation by dust and smoke.

FUNERAL IN THE AIR

Probably the strangest funeral that ever took place in New York was held recently for Mrs. Sarah D. Brown, temperance worker and writer of children's stories.

It was the first aerial funeral held here. Mrs. Brown's body was cremated, and an urn containing the ashes was taken to the pier at 86th Street, Hudson River. After funeral services on the pier, Miss Kate Brown, daughter of Mrs. Brown, handed the urn to an undertaker, and her brother gave nine white carnations and two red ones, symbolizing the ninety-two years of Mrs. Brown's life, to Lieut. Frank Mallen of the marines.

Lieut. Mallen and the undertaker boarded a seaplane which left the pier about noon and flew over the Statue of Liberty. The undertaker scattered the ashes over the statue and Lieut. Mallen dropped the roses. A ritual service was read in the air and the plane flew back.

This disposition of her remains was dictated by Mrs. Brown in a letter written fourteen years ago, sealed and unopened till after death.

SHIP DEAD MEN'S BONES

In accordance with an ancient custom, over 300 boxes of bones of deceased Chinamen are being shipped from this country to China for final burial.

Chinese residents of Columbus, O., together with their fellow countrymen in all parts of the United States, are observing the custom which calls for disinterment of their dead brothers every twenty-five years and the sending of the bones to China.

Lee Lock of Cleveland, head of the Chinese Tong in this district, directed the work of opening the graves of ten Celestials here, removing the caskets and preparing the skeletons for shipment.

Hong Ye, Pittsburgh tea merchant, one of six members of the society selected to perform the service in this country, prepared the bones for overseas shipment by removing all flesh, placing them in little air-tight zinc boxes and then sealing them.

DREAM WARNS WOMAN SHE HAD WED FATHER

An unusual story is told in a bill of complaint filed in Circuit Court No. 2, Baltimore, July 2, by Anna Belle Jones, through Archey C. New, her attorney, for the annulment of her marriage to William M. Jones. The case is that of a wife and mother who says that she has learned that her husband, the father of her two children, whom she supposed to be her stepfather, was her real father. She also charges that his improper conduct toward her younger sister caused the girl to leave their home.

Mrs. Jones said in the bill that before her marriage she lived with her parents without being aware of her supposed identity. Another unusual feature of the story is the assertion of Mrs. Jones that the revelation of her supposed stepfather's identity as her father came to her in a dream. Two children were born of the marriage, boys, eight and three years old, who are said to be normal and healthy.

FLOWERS GOOD TO EAT.

The food value of flowers is a matter just beginning to interest the men of science. A botanist says that violets contain considerable nourishment. They formed the basis of a refreshing drink, and in other forms figured largely in the feasts of the ancient Persians. The modern confectioner crystalizes them in sugar.

The old Turkish confections made of rose leaves are declared delicious by those who have eaten them. A number of cooks have discovered that a handful of rose petals imparts a flavor of wonderful delicacy to desserts of many kinds.

For those who do not care for sweets, the gayly-colored nasturtium offers delights to the palate. It may be used as a filling for sandwiches mixed judiciously with other materials in salad, and physicians say it aids digestion.

A favorite Italian dish consists of fried squash blossoms, says the St. Louis Republic. When properly prepared this food is both appetizing and nourishing. The yellow blosoms of the common field pumpkin may be cooked in the same way, and to some tastes are even more pleasing.

CEMETERY DEED SIGNED BY FINGERPRINT ONLY

At the Queens County Clerk's office in Jamaica, N. Y., there was offered on Monday a deed for record signed with the fingerprints of Joseph Steinboltz, the man who executed it. The deed conveyed to Paulina Roth a one-fourth interest in a burial plot in Mount Zion Cemetery, Queens.

This was the first instrument of any kind ever offered since the establishment of the office in 1684 executed in such a manner and County Clerk Edward W. Cox was not sure that it was legal. The deed was submitted to his legal advisers for an opinion.

The opinion was rendered yesterday and the County Clerk was directed to accept it and to record it similarly to a deed that had been executed by a person's mark for his signature. The counsel directed that at the end of the record a scroll should be made imitating the fingerprints and words should be attached, "Joseph Steinboltz, his finger mark."

The status of New York State prescribe a method of recording a deed where a mark has been made, but do not mention fingerprints.

LIGHTNING CALCULATING

Multiply 45,989 by 864,726. How would you like to have somebody pop that at you in arithmetic on some evening when you are trying to find out how much sugar you could buy for $3.80 when the price was 5 3-4 cents a pound?

Well, the larger problem mentioned above would not flabbergast S. Ramanujan, a young Hindu, who last year left India and entered Cambridge University in England. It would take him only a few seconds to multiply 45,989 by 864,726, says Boy's Life. In less time than that he could add 8,596,497,713,826 and 96,268,593. In the time it would take the average schoolboy to divide 31,021 by 13, Rumanujan could find the fifth root of 69,343,957, or give the correct answer to the problem: What weight of water is there in a room flooded 2 feet deep, the room being 18 feet 9 inches by 13 feet 4 inches, and a cubic foot of water weighing 62 1-2 pounds.

The professors at Cambridge have found Ramanujan a mystery, because he is quite untaught and appears to have discovered for himself many of the deepest mathematical principles.

America has produced three wonderful boy calculators. "Marvelous Griffith," as he was called, could raise a number to the sixth power in eleven seconds. Truman Safford at the age of 10 could multiply one row of fifteen figures by another of eighteen in a minute, or less. The third was William James Sidis, who at 14 went to Harvard and astounded all of his instructors by his profound grasp of mathematical principles.

FIND ANCIENT TURTLES

Fossil turtles, some of them not less than three million and others seven million years old, have recently been found in San Juan County, northern New Mexico. Remains of extinct turtles are rather common, but most of them consist of many small pieces, badly crushed and flattened or otherwise damaged.

The remarkable feature of many of those lately discovered in New Mexico is that the bony, boxlike shell is almost as perfect as when it was occupied by the body of the living animal during the Tertiary and Cretaceous periods. No less than fifty specimens were perfect enough to be identified and described by specialists of the United States Geological Survey. Sixteen of them are new to science and have therefore been given new names.

A comparison of these shells with those of living turtles shows that the collection consists entirely of swamp and river turtles, containing no strictly land turtles. The little ones are about six inches long, but some of the largest measure nearly thirty inches.

In the same rocks with the Upper Cretaceous turtles there are found fragments of dinosaurs. Four different kinds—flesh-eating, duck-billed, horned and armored—were identified. The armored dinosaurs, nearly complete skeletons of which have been found in Montana and Canada, were the most bizarre animals the world has ever known. They were stocky, short-legged, big bodied creatures, completely incased in bony armor. Flat plates covered the back and hips, the neck was protected by transverse rings of bone placed one behind another, and the belly was covered by a mail-like mosaic of small bony plates. Even the eyes were provided with bony shutters like the visor on a helmet, which were closed down over the eyeballs in times of danger.

HIGH MORTALITY AMONG OUR FOREIGN BORN

Statistics prove that the native born of native parents have a much lower mortality rate than either the foreign born or the native born of foreign parents. The Journal of the American Association cites the results of a recent survey of New York and Pennsylvania, in both of which states there is a large proportion of foreign born. These show some interesting facts. The statistics are all for the year 1919.

Austro-Hungarians, Russians and Italians compare favorably with the native born, and Italians show little difference in their death rates here and in their home country. Germans, Irish and British, on the contrary, have an astonishingly high death rate, higher than in their native land.

The outstanding feature is the great liability of the Irish to consumption. In Pennsylvania it is 376 against 185 for native born, and in New York 663 against 352, this for males between twenty-five and forty-four. They also have exceptionally high rates from pneumonia, cancer, organic diseases of the heart and Bright's disease. Irish males between sixty-five and eighty-four have a mortality from Bright's disease of only 115 per 100,000 in Ireland; in New York the rate is 1,299 and in Pennsylvania 1,146.

EARTHQUAKES IN JAPAN

Earthquakes are of so frequent occurrence in Japan that they are looked upon as a matter of course, and unless they are accompanied with a serious loss of life and destruction of property, the outside world hears little of them. There are many authentic records of earthquakes which destroyed whole cities. The most serious of these disturbances in recent times was that of 1855, when in Yeddo, which was the centre of the quake, 14,241 dwelling houses and 1,649 fire-proof storehouses were overturned. In the last days of last October there was a serious earthquake about Gifu and Nagoya, with great loss of life and property. There were slight earthquake shocks on the 25th of October—one year ago—and these continued with increasing severity for five days. During the last two days of the quake 368 distinct shocks were recorded. At Gifu the houses tumbled down and caught fire, and the people not caught in the ruins fled to the country and the hills; but in nearly every house somebody was killed. When the first shock was felt at Fifu the up and down trains on the Takaido railway were just meeting. The shock was accompanied by a rumbling sound, and the people on the train thought that there had been a collision. On looking out of the windows, however, they saw the station in ruins, and the water in a neighboring pond dashing violently from side to side. As the shocks continued, cracks in the earth were observed two or three feet wide, opening and closing. The shipping in the various harbors was very much injured, and one ship which was on her way to San Francisco reported that when seventy miles out a violent shock was felt, the sea was lashed into foam, the waves broke over the decks, and the maintopmast and crosstrees were lost. These disturbances at sea have been very common in previous earthquakes, and often large ships in Japanese ports have had great difficulty in weathering such unaccustomed conditions.

MUSIC'S EFFECT ON VARIOUS ANIMALS

From time to time investigations have been made in order to ascertain whether the legend of Orpheus, the wondrous music of whose lyre entralled the wilds beasts of the forests, rests upon a fact. Cornish, at the London Zoological Gardens, endeavored to discover by experiment what effect music would have upon the creatures there in captivity. With him went a musical friend, who played on the violin to insects, reptiles, birds and beasts.

The tarantulas listened, or did not listen, unmoved and sulky. They whose bite is said in fable to cause others to dance refused to dance themselves. Not so the scorpions. After a few notes had been played they became agitated and writhed and danced tumultuously, their excitement increasing with every crescendo and decreasing with every diminuendo.

In the reptiles' cages more marked effects were seen. The monitor lizard listened and swayed. Blacksnakes were attentive and started up and hissed. A boa crept as close as possible to the instrument and seemed enraptured.

But of all the snakes, the cobra is reputed to be the most susceptible to music, and the specimen experimented on at the zoo did not belie its fame. On hearing the violin it raised itself in the traditional attitude on its tail and spread its hood gently, swaying to and fro the while.

The first quadrupeds to which the violin was played were polar and grizzly bears, which manifested much pleasure and stood up at the front of the cages to listen. The wolves snarled and cowered in fear at the sound of the violin, with their tails between their legs, hair bristling and bodies quivering in spasms of fright. The same results were noted in the case of jackals and foxes. The sheep, naturally enough, found much pleasure in that which frightened the wolves. So did the wild hogs, the bisons and the zebras.

The elephant did not care for the music, but snorted and whistled with rage. The monkeys displayed a critical diversity of sentiment. Some listened eagerly with nods and gestures of appreciation, while others scowled and turned away.

Further experiments were made on the various animals with other instruments, especially with the piccolo and the flute. As a rule, the shrill notes of the piccolo annoyed, frightened or enraged the animals, while the softer notes of the flute soothed and pleased them.

LEGENDS ABOUT THE MOON.

A great many curious ideas exist in various parts of the world regarding the dark spots in the moon's disk. In the eastern part of Alaska the spots are believed to be a rabbit or a hare; the Chinese look upon them as a hare sitting up and pounding rice in a mortar. Most of the Siamese take the same view. Some few, however, see in the moon a man and woman working in a field. Curiously enough, the North American Indians have almost the same superstition as the Chinese, and on old monuments in Central America the moon appears as a jug or vessel, out of which an animal somewhat like a rabbit is jumping.

The South American Indians, on the other hand, believe that a girl who had fallen in love with the moon sprang upward towards it, was caught and held by it, and that it is her figure which is seen on the moon's face.

The Samoan Islanders look on the spots as representing a woman carrying a child, and many other Southern peoples have similar beliefs, the woman and child sometimes being altered into an old woman bearing a burden on her back. The Esquimaux have an original superstition. They say that one day Aniga, the moon, chased his sister, the sun, in wrath. Just as he was about to catch her, however, she suddenly turned around and threw a great handful of soot in his face, and thus escaped him, and of that soot he bears the traces to this day.

The inhabitants of Northwestern India, who account for the moon's monthly disappearance by declaring that she is burned up regularly and replaced by a fresh moon, explain the dark spots by saying they are the ashes of the former moon.

Other nations explain her disappearance in various ways, says the Spokesman Review. The Dakota Indians have it that she is eaten up by mice; the Polynesian superstition is that the souls of the dead feed on her; according to the Hottentots, the moon suffers from headache, and when it gets very bad she hides her head with her hand and covers up her face from the gaze of the world; the Esquimaux maintain that after shining for three weeks she gets tired and hungry and withdraws to take one enormous meal after their own fashion, and then reappears and begins to shine again.

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31 "Law-Maker and Law-Breaker," by Beulah Poynter.
32 "The Counterfeit Heiress," by Inspector John Harrigan.
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34 "After the German Spies," by May Halsey Miller.
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HOPE OF A NEW POWER

One of those tremendously important little items which get buried in the news pages because of their briefness, but which really deserve flaming headlines, was that Italy's most famous chemist has announced the discovery of a cheap method for obtaining "liquid hydrogen"—that is, hydrogen gas in a liquid form.

The importance of this discovery, which, because of the standing of its author, may be assumed to be authentic, is that it opens up the possibility and carries the hope of producing a new and practically unlimited source of liquid fuel for internal combustion engines of the motor type. Moreover, it is a tremendously power fuel.

Liquid hydrogen, burned in motor cylinders, is capable of driving an average automobile all of 250 miles per gallon. More than this, since hydrogen composes two-thirds of all the water of the globe, the basis of supply is inexhaustible. Only the cost of producing gas and reducing it to a form in which it could be utilized has stood in the way of its use as a fuel. The component gases of water form potentially the largest available future source of motor fuel.

NEW THINGS.

Railroad builders in South Africa have enabled work to be done at night by equipping a freight car with an electric plant and mounting searchlights on projecting arms.

The original home and laboratory of Joseph Priestley, who discovered oxygen in 1774, will be erected on the campus of Pennsylvania State College as a memorial to him.

Gasoline cars on an Australian railway have wedge-shaped ends, it having been found that the air resistance to the old type cars caused the use of 40 per cent. more fuel.

Designed for garages is a new fire pail made to contain two chemicals in separate compartments, which, thrown together on an oil fire, unite and form a flame smothering foam.

The rear end of an automobile locker of English invention is made of ground glass, on which a car's number can be painted and illuminated at night by a lamp inside the locker.

Peru has established a school of military aviation and has purchased twelve French airplanes, while two seaplane services between coast ports are planned.

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I traded with the old Indian savant, obtaining the recipe. It was crude and the ointment was almost nauseating. So I had it modernized, by a practical chemist, holding to the original principle, and now from the recipe a cosmetic pomade is prepared. Men and women have used it—and many are now doing so. In numerous cases remarkable results are being reported.

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The way for you to prove what it will do for you is to try it. I will mail you the recipe free of charge. Your own physician will tell you that it is safe and you may obtain a supply from the druggist. Or you may get it from me. It is called Kotalko. A proof box will be mailed, with the recipe, if you send 10 cents, silver or stamps, to John Hart Brittain, 150 East Thirty-second St., BB-101, New York, N. Y. This is a genuine announcement devoid of the lavish phrascology of the usual advertisements, but it means exactly what it says, and I, being a business man of good reputation, stand ready to prove it to you.

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